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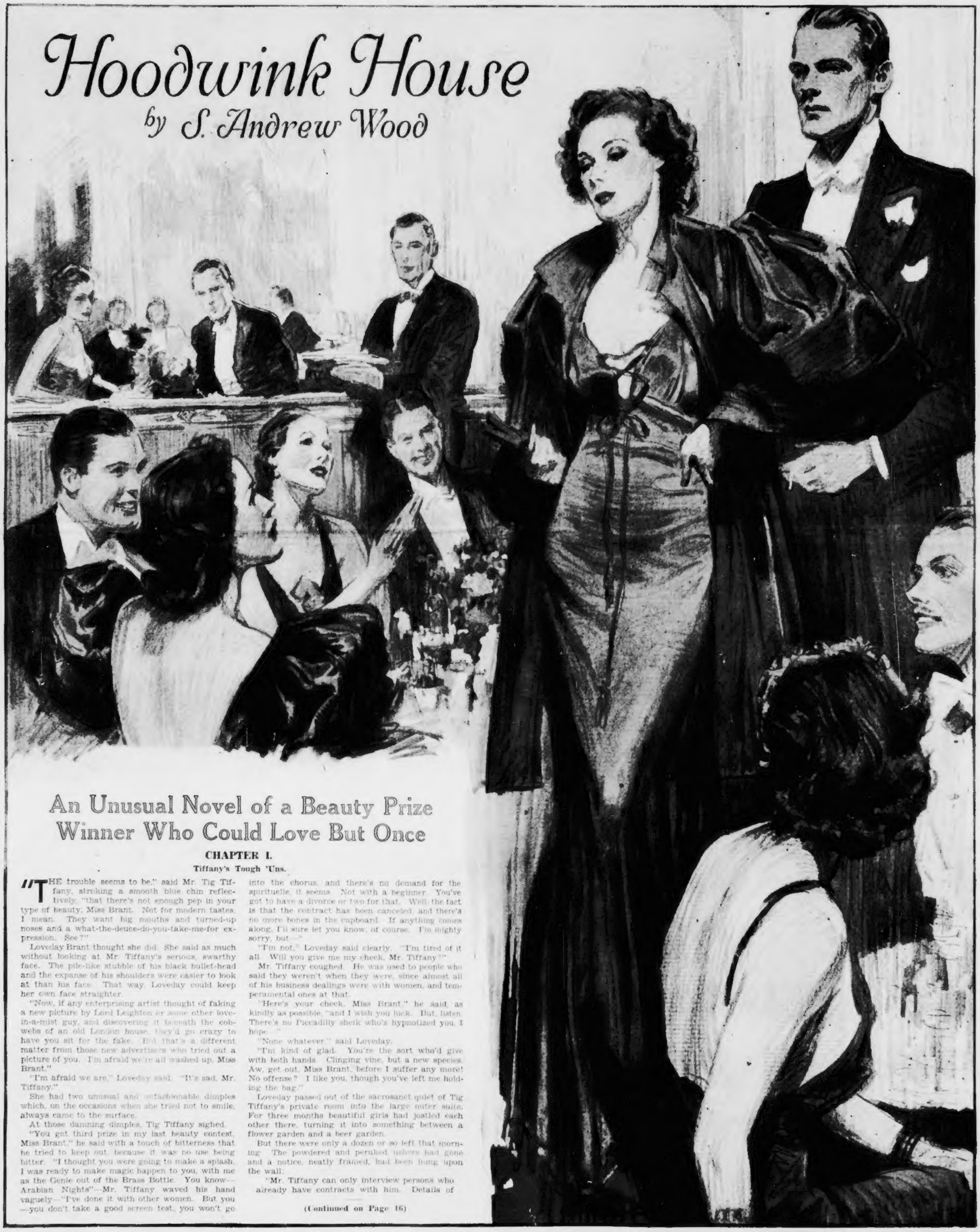
Sunday, July 18, 1937

Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood



An Unusual Novel of a Beauty Prize Winner Who Could Love But Once

CHAPTER I.

Tiffany's Tough 'Uns.

"THE trouble seems to be," said Mr. Tig Tiffany, stroking a smooth blue chin reflectively, "that there's not enough pep in your type of beauty, Miss Brant. Not for modern tastes, I mean. They want big mouths and turned-up noses and a what-the-deuce-do-you-take-me-for expression. See?"

Loveday Brant thought she did. She said as much without looking at Mr. Tiffany's serious, swarthy face. The pile-like stubble of his black bullet-head and the expanse of his shoulders were easier to look at than his face. That way, Loveday could keep her own face straighter.

"Now, if any enterprising artist thought of faking a new picture by Lord Leighton or some other love-in-a-mist guy, and discovering it beneath the cobwebs of an old London house, they'd go crazy to have you sit for the fake. But that's a different matter from those new advertisers who tried out a picture of you. I'm afraid we're all washed up, Miss Brant."

"I'm afraid we are," Loveday said. "It's sad, Mr. Tiffany."

She had two unusual and unfashionable dimples which, on the occasions when she tried not to smile, always came to the surface.

At those damning dimples, Tig Tiffany sighed.

"You got third prize in my last beauty contest, Miss Brant," he said with a touch of bitterness that he tried to keep out, because it was no use being bitter. "I thought you were going to make a splash. I was ready to make magic happen to you, with me as the Genie out of the Brass Bottle. You know—Arabian Nights"—Mr. Tiffany waved his hand vaguely—"I've done it with other women. But you—you don't take a good screen test, you won't go into the chorus, and there's no demand for the spirituelle, it seems. Not with a beginner. You've got to have a divorce or two for that. Well, the fact is that the contract has been canceled, and there's no more bones in the cupboard. If anything comes along, I'll sure let you know, of course. I'm mighty sorry, but—"

"I'm not," Loveday said clearly. "I'm tired of it all. Will you give me my check, Mr. Tiffany?"

Mr. Tiffany coughed. He was used to people who said they weren't when they were, since almost all of his business dealings were with women, and temperamental ones at that.

"Here's your check, Miss Brant," he said, as kindly as possible, "and I wish you luck. But, listen. There's no Piccadilly sheik who's hypnotized you, I hope. "

"None whatever," said Loveday.

"I'm kind of glad. You're the sort who'd give with both hands. Clinging vine, but a new species. Aw, get out, Miss Brant, before I suffer any more! No offense? I like you, though you've left me holding the bag."

Loveday passed out of the sacrosanct quiet of Tig Tiffany's private room into the large outer suite. For three months beautiful girls had jostled each other there, turning it into something between a flower garden and a beer garden.

But there were only a dozen or so left that morning. The powdered and peruked ushers had gone and a notice, neatly framed, had been hung upon the wall:

"Mr. Tiffany can only interview persons who already have contracts with him. Details of

(Continued on Page 16)

Costumes Designed To "End All Surrealist Nightmares"

THE surrealists may, or may not, have started a school of artistic expression that will, in time, be recognized as a serious and legitimate art form, but they have provided a great many people with no end of fun during the past year or two.

Exhibitions of surrealist pictures in New York, Chicago and other centers of population and culture, have attracted thousands, most of whom have puzzled over the creations in paint and odds and ends of the kitchen and the hardware shop and wondered what, if anything, the artists were trying to say. A few made out that they appreciated what the creators are attempting and climbed on the band-wagon of the vogue.

The exhibitions started a wave of surrealist parties all over the country. The hosts and the guests gave their imaginations free play and came in the most bizarre outfits which might represent anything from "Two hearts that beat as one without benefit of counsel" to "Tropical nightmare in a pretty blue light with the temperature 95 below zero."

The photographs on this page were taken at the American Artists' Congress which recently convened in Los Angeles and, in the words of one of the participants, show only a few of the outfits which the artists and their guests hoped might put an end to all surrealist nightmares.

ACME PHOTOS

Mr. Tom Craig, Whose Costume for the Artists' Congress Ball Rattled Out the Title to All Who Asked. "I'm called," He Said, "Papa, Mama Is Wounded."

This Creation, Including a Crutch and an Electric Bulb, Is Supposed to Represent "A Little Tear Gland."

"Tintinnabulation of Miasma" Is the Poetic Title of This. The Young Woman Is Looking Into the Garden of Eden at the Snake and the Apple.

The macabre fellow seen in the picture at the extreme left of the page is, in real life, a cheerful individual who goes by the name of Tom Craig. He made up his face to resemble a bleached and hollow-eyed skull and wore a chapeau fashioned of flowers and the leg and hand bones of a deceased human. When reporters queried him he told them in a sepulchral voice that they might tell their readers that he represented a little ditty entitled "Papa, Mama Is Wounded." He left the newshawks to figure the disguise out for themselves.

Even more imaginative—if that is the word—and just as baffling was the get-up of the good-looking young woman in the center of the page. Her name is Bettina Ryan, and her ensemble, as she explained it, made her a clean-cut characterization of the "Little tear gland who goes pooh-pooh."

The big eye painted on her outfit, the crutch—held under her right elbow, and an unusual electric light bulb which was filched from an experimental laboratory—should, she insisted, make it plain to anyone what she was trying to say.

Other guests at the gathering which, it was rumored, didn't seem at all funny to some of the world's serious surrealist painters, wore even more maniacal make-ups and were very mysterious when anyone tried to discover just what they thought they were attempting to tell the world in an artistic way.

The young woman shown in the photograph at the right of the page attracted a great deal of attention in the role of "Tintinnabulation of Miasma." Decked out in the hat of a homespun lass and a set of oversize rubber ears, she covered one eye with a painted keyhole.

Anyone with half an eye, she said, ought to be able to make out that she was peering at a scene in the Garden of Eden—the serpent that tempted Mother Eve—nibbling at the forbidden apple. On the other hand she sported a lacy glove with a flower fastened to the back of it.

Everybody at the party had a wonderful time, even if the vogue for surrealist art was not appreciably advanced and brought home to a puzzled public. The merrymakers insisted that they had as much right to express themselves symbolically as the surrealists who work for money as well as fame and thought, they said, that their costumes were masterpieces of "paranoiacal perfection."

The news photographers had a lot of fun at the "Congress."

Cried Six Ounces of Tears in Three Hours Over His Love

Verne Sandusky, Looking Very Sad After His Good Cry, Which Caused Much Trouble in Denver. He Was Credited, Unofficially, With Shedding a Bucketful of Tears, but Really It Was Only a Third of a Pint.

VERNE SANDUSKY, twenty-year-old Denver bachelor, recently established a new crying record for Denver and the country roundabout. And some of the observers of the flood of tears that poured from the eyes of the sentimental young man wouldn't be at all surprised if Sandusky hadn't established a national, if not a world-wide record.

Ordinarily Mr. Sandusky doesn't go in for such outbursts and he's as surprised as anyone that he should be pulled sufficiently off balance to indulge in one of the hardest of good, hard cries ever officially recorded. He must have been extraordinarily upset, he says, to get into such a state that the police made three trips to his home before the flood finally dried up.

It was this way, according to the young man himself and to some of the individuals who viewed with alarm his noisy and watery behavior: He came home one night just in time to run into Mrs. Dorothy Owens, twenty-one years old and a divorcee. Mrs. Owens had an apartment in the Sandusky household and, on this particular evening, happened to be going to the movies with a good-looking young man.

When Verne saw Mrs. Owens and her escort he broke down into an emotional condition that was very embarrassing for all concerned. If correctly reported Sandusky confronted the pair and announced that they couldn't go anywhere that night. "You're going out with me," he told the divorcee. "And you're going to marry me, too, because I love you."

"Why, Verne," said the surprised Mrs. Owens, "don't be silly. We hardly know each other." And then she and her friend, without further ado, went out the door.

Whether the young woman went into any explanation about the scene in the front hall of the Sandusky abode is not a matter of record, but it is known that Verne went straight to his room, locked the door and settled down to a demonstration of audible sentimentality that was accentuated by frequent gulps from a bottle of ardent spirits.

There are those in Denver who are of the opinion that Mr. Sandusky was in a highly sensitive state when he arrived home and that he had nothing more or less than what is commonly called a crying jag. Others, taking a somewhat more romantic view of the situation, blame what happened only partly on the bottle which the community's crying champion carried with him to the unhappy solitude of his room.

Anyway he promptly got out of control and broke out in woeful wails so loud that some of the neighbors complained. His mother tried, without success, to comfort him with words addressed to the young man through the barricaded door. Finally the police arrived to see what they could do.

A couple of stalwart and not over-sentimental patrolmen managed to get into the room and determined to handle the case in a forthright manner.

"What's going on here?" one of them demanded in his best limb-of-the-law voice.

"I love her," wailed the object of their attention, "and unless she promises to marry me I'll just go on this way." The weeper broke down completely and howled like a banshee.

"Cut it out, now," the cop warned, "or we'll have to take you down to the station."

This moved the victim of heartbreak to make an effort to control himself and, when he lapsed into a series of quiet sobs the officers went away.

They weren't a block away before Verne had another and even more violent attack of the weeps. Next-door neighbors, completely aroused by this time, telephoned headquarters again. Two more limbs of the law responded. They suggested that if Sandusky would quit nipping at the bottle between his outbursts he might find it easier to control himself. The lad subsided again and the cops departed.

In the wee small hours of the morning another brace of policemen called and took the sobber to the station. Their report of the extraordinary case, added to the statement of the other cops who had worked on the problem, indicated that the lovesick swain had cried "a bucketful" of tears.

Actually, in the opinion of physicians who were asked to comment on the phenomenon, Verne put in about three hours at the job of weeping, and during that stretch lost about six ounces of water through his tear ducts. This volume was arrived at by estimating that the average person crying at full tilt produces about one "real" tear per minute. Laboratory experiments have shown that it takes about thirty of these tears to make an ounce.

The experts in such matters, although none of them attended the Denver crying champ in his hour of woe, computed that in all he dropped about one hundred and eighty tears—about a third of a pint.

Mrs. Dorothy Owens, Over Whom the Flood of Sandusky's Tears Was Released.

Dog Frozen Stiff as He Walked

ALTHOUGH the Weather Man went whimsical again and gave this country an unusually mild Winter, when a bad one had been predicted, low temperatures hit here and there and with such suddenness that tragedies like the one shown in the photograph at the right were enacted.

On the morning after two days and nights of severe cold, during which the thermometer dropped to 42 degrees below zero, a man near Salt Lake City came upon this dog, leaning against a pole and frozen stiff. Evidently the pet, which belonged to one James Warner, was trying to get back home when cold death struck and fixed it, statue-like, in a natural position.

It is seldom that a dog, with its protective coat of fur, succumbs to cold weather and it is supposed that this poor fellow, weakened by many miles of walking through the snow and overtaken by Arctic cold, finally became exhausted and stopped against the pole to rest. The sleet froze on its body and fastened its faltering feet in the icy crust, and the bitter cold did the rest.

Had the pet been a husky used to the temperature of Alaska or Labrador, it could have weathered the storm and the cold but it was not accustomed to such climate. The thick-coated curly-tailed Eskimo dogs much prefer sleeping in the snow to spending a night in the protection of a house and have a way of tucking their noses under their tails so that they do not smother, even when covered by a foot or two of snow.

The courage of the dog shown in the tragic photograph must have been great, for the average dog would have dropped and met death lying down. This poor fellow elected to die standing up, as near home as he could get before he knew that his dog's life was over. The expression on his face showed that he accepted the inevitable without a struggle.

INT'L

A Tragedy of a Cold Wave in Salt Lake City. This Dog Was Frozen Dead in His Tracks During a Storm in Which the Temperature Dropped to 42 Degrees Below Zero.

Reclaiming Losses on Misfits

UNCLE SAM is going to see what can be done to help clothing manufacturers, the owners of retail shops and the buyers of clothes for youngsters cut down losses by making all kinds of garments for boys and girls in more accurate sizes.

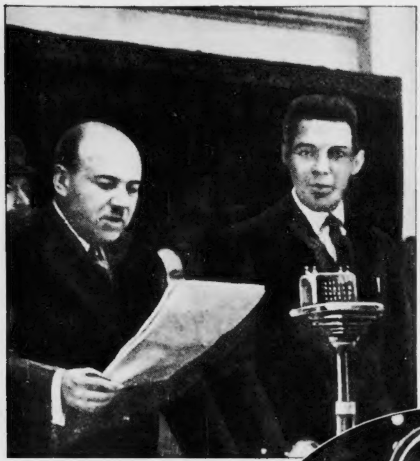
It may be that young Americans are a little bigger than they used to run a few years ago. It also is probable that pattern-makers and manufacturers of outfits for the youthful don't always figure dimensions right and that a very few individuals in the business purposely skimp on material. Anyway officials and workers in the government's Bureau of Home Economics are taking a leading hand in checking the proportions of our boys and girls and seeing to it that their fathers and mothers can order clothes with the confidence that a size 8, or 10, is all it's supposed to be in length and breadth. And that every size in the list is closer to the dimensions of persons they are supposed to fit.

Government workers, with the help of many of the country's leading colleges and universities will measure some 100,000 boys and girls and measure them with great care. These youngsters will be of three classes—if there is any such thing as classes in America—children of high-income, medium-income, and low-income groups. The measurers will even pay particular attention to racial characteristics so that they know the proportions of Italian youngsters, Germanic boys and girls, French-Canadian urchins, etc., etc. There is reason to believe that race and neighborhood has something to do with a youngster's size.

Within the past year or two many manufacturers of clothing have made some modifications in their standard of sizes, but they have had no dependable figures based upon a thorough-going survey. When Uncle Sam finishes his job they should have all the information they need.

Stalin's Merciless Death Judge Weakening?

"Comrade" Ulrich, Red Chief Justice, Reported Cracking Under the Strain of Sending His Old Friends to Execution and Threatened With the Same End as the Infamous Mass Murderer, Felix Dzerjinsky



Vassily Ulrich Reading a Sentence of Death Before the Microphone in His Secret Court, Into Which None Go but the Already Condemned.

REVAL, Esthonia, July 9.

"MAKE me a full report of how Primakoff acted in his cell, how he died and whether he spoke of me."

Tovarich, which means "comrade," Vassily V. Ulrich, the Soviet Chief Justice, gave that strangely morbid order to the chief executioner in charge of the firing squads which recently slaughtered the eight generals who were the heads of the Red Army of Russia.

Primakoff was one of the generals who had been condemned to death a few minutes before by Comrade Ulrich and he had been for years one of the judge's closest friends and companions.

The executioner made his report by telephone that "the traitor Primakoff had acted like a madman, shouting and grinding his teeth when he was led into the death chamber. He began to cry, 'Death to our murderers,' but our bullets closed his mouth."

Comrade Chief Justice Ulrich spent the next few hours with an array of imported liqueurs in front of him and a revolver close to his hand, drinking himself into a stupor.

This story, reaching the ears of Dictator Stalin and his sinister shadow, Nikolai Yezhoff, Commissar of Internal Affairs, which is the secret police department, caused him to be deeply concerned.

Could it be that Comrade Vassily, whom they had believed to have no nerves and to be as cold-blooded as a fish, thinking nothing of condemning even his best friends to be shot if so ordered, was human after all and cracking under the strain? If so, this must be remedied—one way or the other.

So two of Moscow's best nerve specialists were sent to examine Comrade Ulrich, who has been compared to "Bloody Jeffreys," the execrated English judge who in 1685 at what is known as the "Bloody Assizes," sent within a few weeks 320 men and women to the hangman with scarcely the pretense of a trial. It was most important to know whether Comrade Ulrich was going insane, like the infamous Felix Dzerjinsky, founder of the OGPU, who died fighting off the ghosts of the thousands he had caused to be killed, phantoms which his twisted brain and guilty conscience had conjured up to besiege his deathbed.

There was, too, a pressing, although perhaps temporary, reason why the Chief Justice should be thoroughly looked over and restrained from going any further with such sentimental weaknesses as wanting to know how old friends whom he had sentenced to death within twenty-four hours took their medicine.

Lenin, now the patron saint of the Soviets with his embalmed body on public exhibition to be worshiped, had left a sister, Maria Iliana Ulianova. Inevitably, a considerable amount of Lenin's holiness is attached to any member of his family, and especially to a sister. But aside from that and her personal popularity with the masses, Stalin was aware that Vassily had a profound affection for Maria, whom he had known since the old days when he was a companion of Lenin and both of them much younger.

And Maria lay dead at that moment in her bed. Vassily did not know it—indeed, none but Stalin and Yezhoff and a couple of others knew it, but she had died a few hours after the execution of the eight generals, one of whom, the Field Marshal Tukhachevsky, had been her brother's best friend and hers as well.

Maria Ulianova, Sister of Lenin, the Patron Saint of the Bolsheviki, Who Died Mysteriously a Few Hours After She Had Made a Desperate Plea to Stalin to Save the Lives of Field Marshal Tukhachevsky and the Seven Generals of the Red Army.

What Vassily did know, however, as did everybody else in official circles, was that Maria Ulianova had made the strongest efforts to save the Field Marshal.

Plainly, if Comrade Vassily now found out that Maria was dead, he would be even more upset, since it would be only natural for him to suppose that the executions of Tukhachevsky and his seven generals had materially contributed to this sad state of affairs.

The report of the specialists, at least according to the story leaking from Moscow into Esthonia, was not reassuring to the Dictator and the moving spirit of the OGPU.

It was that Vassily was in an "extreme nervous condition." He was troubled by dreams in which he saw the faces of old friends and comrades whom he had condemned to the firing squads. Always fond of imported liqueurs, he had had to drink much more of these to banish the memory of the dreams on awakening. Sometimes he did not even have to go to sleep to open the door of his mind to these phantoms. As he sat with his liqueur bottles beside him, they would appear around him, gazing at him not threateningly or accusingly but sorrowfully, pointing to their wounds. When this happened, he would have to drink even more of the liqueurs to banish them. He was afraid that the recent eight, hardly cold in their graves, would come to the fore of this ghostly legion.

Comrade Vassily urged that he be given a long vacation from his duties. But Stalin, so it is said, had a long talk with Vassily in which he chided his acquiescent ally for his weakness, pointing out that the "purge" must go on until every leader of the Red Army—and many others—not in sympathy with the present regime had been executed.

At any rate, Comrade Alexander G. Chervyakov, President of the Central Executive Committee or parliament of the White Russian Republic, who was denounced by the Communist Party under Stalin for lack of "Bolshevik vigilance," promptly killed himself as soon as he got the news. Chervyakov had also been an associate of Ulrich and a friend. Apparently he knew that he would have to go before Comrade Vassily, that there would be no mercy shown to him and that he might as well pass out peacefully by his own hand at once as to undergo the torment of waiting, and whatever torture or other means it is that they use in Moscow to bring out the abject and incredible "confessions" of guilt which all those on trial mouth before condemnation.

It was not until almost a week later that Maria's death was officially made public. But before that strange stories about it were in circulation. Someone not long ago called Russia "the land where nobody knows the truth," and this is so true that nobody can tell what truth there is in any of these stories.

The most circumstantial one is that Lenin's sister called Stalin on the telephone the night the death sentences of the eight generals were announced. She reminded him that the Field Marshal had been greatly loved and trusted by her brother. She pleaded for his reprieve, as well as for those of the other seven.

Stalin is reported to have replied that he was sorry, but that he had no power to intervene in the matter. She knew of the law that made it impossible for any one, even himself, to stay execution once Chief Justice Ulrich had pronounced the sentence. Maria knew that this was true enough technically, but that in actual fact the Dictator is above any law and able to save or destroy any one by a word on the telephone. Therefore, in desperation she is reported to have said to him:

"If you execute them, either you will soon join them—or I will."

The most heavily-guarded man in the world probably had little fear that Maria could manage to have him shot when so many others were constantly striving to do that very thing in vain. But, if the sister of Lenin should openly oppose him, as her threat seemed to indicate, it might be a decisive factor at this critical time.

According to the story, Stalin quickly called up Comrade Akulov. It is said that the two discussed something earnestly for an hour, and the next morning the woman who had dared threaten the life of the Russian dictator was found dead of heart disease.

Well, perhaps it was heart disease, perhaps again it was suicide but many prefer to believe that it was something else. The only evidence they have for holding such an opinion is the fact that her body was hastily cremated, the ashes placed in an urn and buried near her brother and that the death was not announced till several days later. This is considered distinctly singular when taken in connection with another fact, that Mme. Krupskaya, the widow of Lenin, living almost a prisoner of OGPU agents, was not informed of her sister-in-law's death until after she had been cremated.

But Mme. Krupskaya could not afford to raise any question. She had had a clash with Stalin a few years ago. She had been embarrassing the Dictator by pointing out publicly that he had been violating many of her husband's most cherished principles. After several strong hints to keep quiet had been ignored, it is said that a threat of death was delivered to her. But this woman, already living in the past, rather welcomed what she considered a martyr's death and defied them to kill her.

There must be a certain spark of genius in the dictator because he is said to have instantly thought of something that would terrify a woman who had no fear of death. Calling on her he said:

"Look here, Old Woman, if you don't shut up I will appoint another widow for Lenin."

It sounds like a ridiculous threat but Mme. Krupskaya knew that he could easily carry it out. He had only to send out researchers and they would pretend to find exactly the evidence he wanted them to find, that she had never been the legal wife of the leader and that some other and more docile woman who could be relied upon to say nothing was the true wife and widow. Russian historians would confirm these findings which would be published in all the papers and she herself would be despised and forgotten. The widow never offended again.

The Chief Justice has passed death sentences upon several thousand people, and at least a hundred of these sentences were upon men with whom he and his family were on the most intimate terms. They had called him tovarishchi, or comrade. But there was never a hint of any comradeship when they came before him at his red-covered table with a banner of the hammer and sickle in front of him. They had not been allowed to have either counsel or witnesses. They were condemned before they stood beside Comrade Vassily, and they knew it before he pronounced the death formula:

"You, as a traitor to the country, are herewith declared an enemy of the Communist Government, and I pass the sentence of immediate death."

Vassily Ulrich, like Felix Dzerjinsky, has remained a mysterious figure in the Stalin regime, hardly ever making any public appearance except at the performances of the Russian Ballet, or at the intimate house parties of Stalin at the Kremlin.

As a rule, every time there is an important trial such as that of the eight generals, Stalin and Ulrich spend the evening together in the Dictator's private office in the Kremlin, discussing the cases and fixing the verdicts in advance. Stalin drinks bottles of Georgian wine, which is his favorite tipple, and Ulrich quantities of imported French liqueurs. When the accused appear before him, everything has been settled.

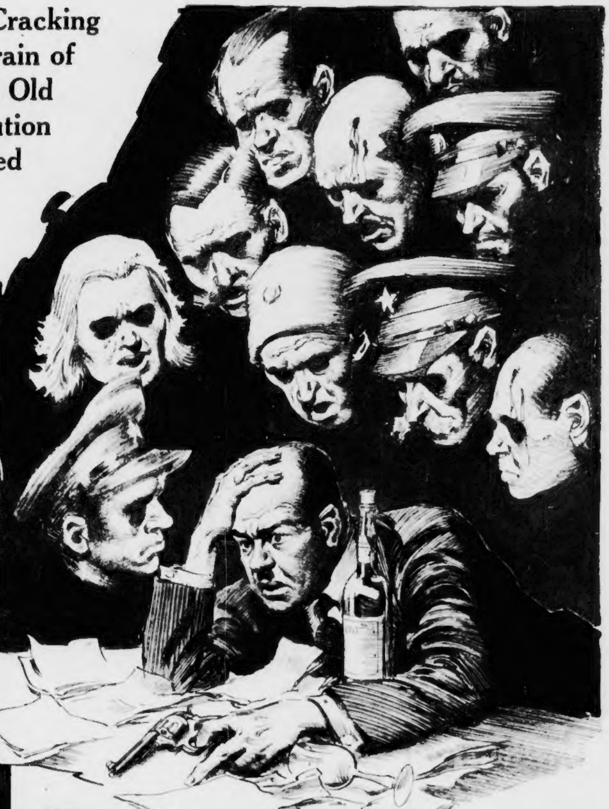
Asked for an official statement upon Soviet justice, Ulrich once answered:

"The Soviet justice is whatever is best for the Communist state. What the bourgeois call crime is from our communistic point of view purely a class act. The criminal guilt depends upon its effect upon the Communist state alone. If it is dangerous to the workers, he who commits it is a criminal. If it is not dangerous to them, there is no guilt."

It is because of this point of view that thefts, hold-ups, burglaries and similar crimes are not punished in Russia. According to the communistic theory everything belongs to everybody and there is no right of private property.

There is one important detail in the relationship of Stalin and his Judge Ulrich, different from King James II and his Judge Jeffreys. Jeffreys never weakened until his master fled from the wrath of his outraged subjects. Judge Jeffreys' bloodthirstiness was attributed to the constant pain he was in from gall stones which caused his death soon after he was arrested and thrown into the Tower of London.

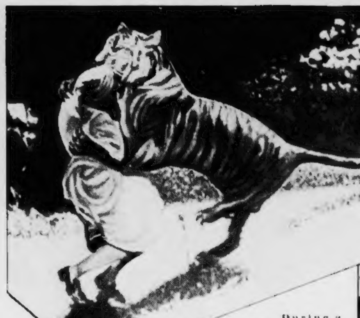
Vassily Ulrich has no painful ailment to steel his heart but, curiously enough, his master, Stalin, suffers frequent and intense agony from angina pectoris, which may account for his extraordinary lack of any symptoms of mercy and insatiable thirst for revenge upon anyone who has in the slightest degree criticized him.



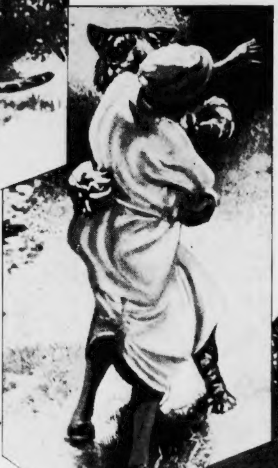
Vassily Ulrich, the Bolshevik Chief Justice, Sees Gazing at Him—Not Threateningly Nor Accusingly but Sorrowfully, Pointing to Their Wounds—the Old Friends and Comrades Whom He Has Condemned to Death, and Sits for Hours With His Bottles of Imported Liqueurs and His Revolver Close to His Right Hand, So the Reports From Russia Say, but Whether to Drive Away the Phantoms or to Kill Himself if They Become Too Real, None Knows.

The Late Field Marshal Tukhachevsky, Old Friend of Lenin and Ulrich, Who Was Sent to the Firing Squad by the Red Chief Justice.

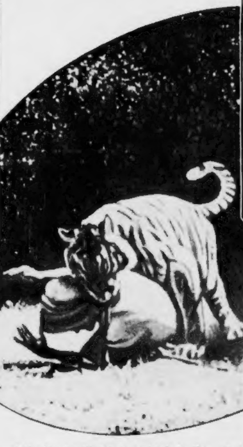
Lived To Tell of His Fist Fight With the Tiger



During a Recent Tiger Hunt Conducted by the Maharajah of Bhopal, One of the Cornered Beasts Attacked a Native Bush-beater, While the Movie Camera Man Was Taking Pictures, and the Camera Caught This Snapshot of the Animal as It Sprang Upon Its Unarmed Victim.



The Native Fought Gamely with His Fists and Feet, and as He Struggled in the Grip of the Tiger, the Riflemen Dared Not Shoot for Fear of Killing the Man.



At Length the Man's Strength Ebbed and He Fell in a Faint. Evidently Believing the Man Dead, the Tiger Bit Him Viciously and Then at the Sound of Shots Retreated Into the Bush.

But the Shots Stopped Him in His Tracks, Once He Started to Run, and the Film From the Cinema Shows the Carcass Being Borne Away. The Native, Badly Wounded and Scarred, Recovered.

EVERY year several hundred natives of India are killed by tigers, but it is seldom that anyone with a camera is in the vicinity of one of these tragedies to make a pictorial record of the exciting proceedings. That's why the pictures on this page are remarkable and not likely to be duplicated for many years. They were snapped with a high-speed movie camera during a recent tiger hunt staged by the Maharajah of Bhopal.

On this particular hunt the Maharajah and his friends had set out at daybreak, after word had been received that the beaters had half a dozen big tigers rounded up in a section of the jungle of only a few square miles. The Prince and his party rode to the spot on the backs of elephants and climbed to a tower in the center of a clearing. They took a cameraman along with them in the hope of getting some action shots of the big beasts.

The beaters had reported that the tigers were about a mile away and the Maharajah, believing it was safe, sent one of his beaters back to his camp to get some equipment that had been forgotten. The man hadn't moved out of the camera's range when he let out a scream of terror. The men in the high tower turned just in time to see a magnificent tiger spring out of the trees and bear the native to the ground.

The photographer had presence of mind enough to work the shutter and keep his lens focussed on the grim goings-on. He realized that the men beside him would blaze away the instant they saw there was no chance of killing the man, who continued to yell while the big cat was rolling him over and settling down to a meal of human flesh.

The Maharajah shouted to the beater to thrash about as actively as he could to keep the tiger busy. In this way, he hoped that the brute might be delayed in making a fatal bite long enough for the hunters to put him away with a well-placed shot.

The man put up a spirited fight. He struck out with his fists and kicked with his feet. He rolled over and over, when he could, trying to protect his head and his torso from the tiger's sharp claws and fangs.

There were times, during the first few minutes of the scuffle, when the tiger could have been killed without taking much of a chance that the bullet might find its mark in the mauled and bleeding beater. But the Maharajah wouldn't give the order to fire because the beast was faced toward the shooting stand.

There is a superstition among the natives that it is bad luck to shoot one of the big cats straight in the face. If this happens, they believe, the spirit of the tiger will not come back to the jungle on moonlight nights, and that would be an evil omen, meaning, perhaps, the death of many men.

After nearly five minutes of struggling the native finally fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood, and, oddly enough, this saved his life. The tiger took time out to sniff his quarry and raise its sleek head before settling down to a meal of live meat. In that split second one of the gunners fired, plugging the big beast neatly through the heart. The tiger gave one mighty spring into the air and dropped to the ground, dead.

The beater was taken from the scene with the carcass of his attacker and hurried to the nearest hospital. His body was viciously clawed and his legs and arms were badly mangled by the tiger's powerful fangs. But the doctors stopped the flow of blood and said that the man would recover.

The Maharajah and his party stayed in their safe perch and, later that day, brought down two other prize specimens to carry home with them.

Danced Her Way to a College Education

WHEN she was a girl in her early 'teens, Harriet Shepard made up her mind that she was going to get a sound education. She is realizing her ambition and in a manner that gives her a high rating as a young woman of imagination, industry and unusual talent. There are few college girls in the country who work any harder than Harriet to acquire "book learning."

Not long ago, when she was attending classes at the University of Miami and earning special honors for doing four years of higher mathematics in a year, Miss Shepard was doubling as a dancer in one of the resort's casinos to get the money for books and tuition. Few of the people who saw her graceful gyrations on the dance floor imagined that this was no ordinary night club entertainer, but a brilliant student who applied herself to the difficult science of mathematics after they had gone to bed to sleep off the effects of their merrymaking.

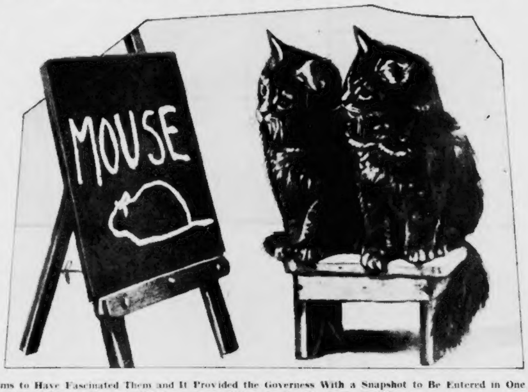
For a time the dancer-student worked in the casino until 4:30 o'clock in the morning. Then she hustled home, slept for an hour—having pored over her lessons between appearances in the spotlight—and got up in order to arrive at the campus ready for business at 8:30. She was a student until three o'clock in the afternoon, rushed back to the casino for rehearsal and did her home work between supper time and the hours when she again was due to amuse guests as a dancer, and a fetching one to look at.

This busy young woman plans to fit herself for a career in radio and electronics. The mathematics is part of the training for that job, and her instructors say that she can show many a budding young engineer how intricate problems should be figured quickly and accurately.

Miss Shepard, who could make a good living as a dancer, says she isn't interested in spending her time, however well paid the career might be, in amusing patrons of theatres and night clubs. She has other plans and isn't turning her eyes to the stage or the movies.

Her fellow students found it hard to understand where the girl got all her energy and enthusiasm. Besides her college work and her dancing she managed to dash off an occasional short story, make pieces of furniture, pick up a few odd medals for being an expert swimmer and tennis player, and build up a reputation as a crack shot with the rifle.

"Fortunately," she said, "I am one of those persons who can keep healthy and mentally alert with very little sleep. If that wasn't so, I couldn't have played the dual role of student in the daytime and entertainer at night. I'm also lucky in my ability to concentrate. I worked out many of my most difficult problems in mathematics between shows at the casino. Some people can't work that way, but I can, and the trick has saved me an amazing amount of time."



This Snapshot Does Not Really Show a School for Kittens, as You Might Suspect. The Little Girl in an English Household Had a Lesson Which Ended with Spelling the Word "Mouse." To the Surprise of the Governess, When the Lesson Was Over, the Twin Kitties Took Over the Seat of the Little Pupil and Showed What Seems to Be a Remarkable Interest in the Crude Drawing of Their Natural Prey on the Blackboard. Whether They Understood or Not, the Subject of the Lesson Seems to Have Fascinated Them and It Provided the Governess With a Snapshot to Be Entered in One of Those Human-Interest Photograph Competitions So Popular in the British Press.

How Springfield Got Rid of the Weary Willies

THE so-called "knights of the road" show a strange brand of gallantry in the city of Springfield, Illinois. In the past these wandering "casual workers" used to accept the hospitality of Springfield and move on with expressions of gratitude on their lips. Now most of them give the place a wide detour because of a new arrangement which has been in force for several weeks.

It seems that the Salvation Army has a woodyard in town and that some of this fuel always needs cutting into stove-length. The city fathers figured that, in return for food and lodging, the least the "boys" could do was devote a little time and energy to the wood supply for the city's needy. To the wanderers this method turned out to have little, if any, appeal.

After a few of them had been introduced to the cord wood sticks and handed an axe and saw, the news traveled quickly and the place was set down by hoboes as a "pile town." Before the edict, which merely calls for an exchange of favors, Springfield averaged about 100 moneyless transients a night. This number dwindled to 30 within a week and now it is seldom that more than a dozen travelers seeking food and lodging drop in to Springfield in any one day.

Other Illinois cities and towns might well adopt the idea. It would save them time and money. Some of them have looked into the wood-pile idea and may soon borrow it, or some similar scheme, as a sure way of discouraging Weary Willies from dropping in too often, or in annoying numbers.

A checkup of the situation revealed that, on a week when Springfield played host to 35 hoboes, nearby Peoria housed and fed 180. Bloomington took care of 111 and Decatur found grub and sleeping accommodations for 137. These communities had no woodpile on which the boys, after a meal and a bed, could work off some of their energy and, in a way, reimburse the community for its practical charity. It is rumored that Illinois will presently be spattered with "pile towns."

Harriet Shepard, Former Honor Student at the University of Miami, Shown Earning Her Way Through Classes by Dancing at One of the Beach Casinos.

This Is Harriet Studying Her Lessons on the Lawn of Her Home.

Laws Heckling Greek Bachelors

IN ANCIENT times the Greeks worshipped at the shrine of Aphrodite, goddess of love. From all reports they were an adventurous and romantic race. But times have changed and so, it seems, have the men of modern Greece. So many of them show such little interest in courtship and marriage that the government is taking drastic action to force its male citizens to marry and beget children. For several years now the country's birth rate has been falling and the marriage license bureaus have been reporting an increasing slump in patrons.

Bachelors are soon to be penalized for living in a state of "single blessedness." Their taxes probably will be doubled in a determined effort to drive them to the altar whether they feel romantic, or not.

The proposed new laws are going to be particularly hard on public officials who have reached the age of 25 without taking a wife. If the edict is enacted as written, such office-holders will have to get married pronto or resign in favor of men with mates and families.

The middle-aged Greeks won't get off easy either. If they have reached the age where they collect a government pension, this pension will be cut in half unless they hustle around and find some good woman to help them spend the money.

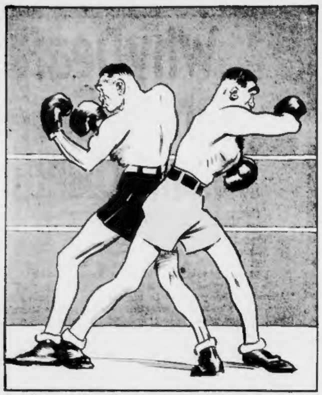
No. 1 "Gagman" Boasberg's Funniest Jokes

Amusing Examples of Wit of the Famous Hollywood Humorist Who Died, as He Lived, Telling One of His Own Stories

"IT'S ONE of those colossal film epics," said Al Boasberg to a group of friends the other day, "and I've been working so hard I had better attend its opening tomorrow night and get some sleep."

Mr. Boasberg, who spent his life making up jokes for the Marx Brothers, Jack Benny, Ed Wynn, Burns and Allen, and many other radio comedians, was joking again. His friends laughed heartily, but Mr. Boasberg didn't laugh. He pressed his hand over his heart and collapsed. A few hours later he died in his Beverly Hills home. In his thousands of jokes written during his lifetime he had pioneered in jests about death. He used to say people ought to laugh more at death. "A death is a good joke if you look at it right. It's the final wheeze. But you must be quick to get the point."

Mr. Boasberg used to "weigh" his gags on a machine that he invented. If the gag "weighed" so much, the machine would laugh. If the gag outweighed the laugh, it was no good. When talking pictures were invented he decided to make a "talking" photograph and built a complicated machine to carry out his idea. He used to jot down his ideas for ridiculous contraptions and jokes on scraps of paper and test them on his friends. If they laughed, the gag was good enough to be sold.



In a Prizefight Ring Two Men Are Boxing Furiously. Everything Is According to Hoyle Except That the Men Are Fighting Back to Back. A Bystander Asks His Friend: "Why are they fighting that way?" The Friend Retorts: "They're such poor fighters they're ashamed to look each other in the face."

No Strikes.

Neighbor: I heard your kid bawling last night.

Friend: Yes, after four bawls he got his base warmed.

* * *

Cold Shoulder.

Actress: Run along, I haven't time to fool with you.

Cameraman: I wouldn't let you if you had the time.

* * *

Cleaned Up.

Censorship is still with us. I hear the new picture, "Boulder Dam," will be called "Boulder Darn."

* * *

Hollywood.

Blonde: I've just read your new script and I think it's awful.

Brunette: Oh, do you read?

* * *

Even Up.

Comedian: I just saw you give that cloakroom attendant a good tip.

Stooge: Yes, you see he gave me a good coat.

* * *

Residue.

Graham McNamee: Can you define experience?

Ed Wynn: Yes, Graham, experience is what you have left when you've lost everything else.

* * *

Greeting.

To a stingy producer, Mr. Boasberg last year sent a Christmas card with the following inscription:

"Merry Christmas to you. If you will send me five dollars, Yuletide me over the holidays."

* * *

Brave Fellow.

Comedian (in role of policeman): I put down a big disturbance last night.

Stooge: Brave fellow. Was it a riot?

Comedian: No, I ate three Welsh rarebits.

* * *

Large Order.

Impersonator: I can imitate any actor.

Actress: Well, why don't you imitate Freddy Ferdinand?

Impersonator: What does he do?

Actress: He buys me furs.

* * *

It Was Verse.

Siren: I'm going to divorce my husband because he sits up all night writing poetry.

Director: Well, you married him for better or verse, didn't you?

* * *

Missing.

Extra: I look like Clark Gable, I can act like Clark Gable. Just tell me one thing that Clark Gable has that I haven't got?

Gracie Allen: A contract with M. G. M.

* * *

Sad Climax.

Old Lady: Do you return the money when an article isn't satisfactory?

Store Clerk: Why, yes, madam, what's the trouble?

Old Lady: I want to return this book.

Clerk: What's wrong with it, madam?

Old Lady: I didn't like the way it ended.

* * *

Finicky.

Advance Agent: But, Mr. Manager, this dressing room won't do.

Theatre Manager: It's the only one in the theatre.

Agent: Do you mean to tell me you expect the actors and actresses to dress all in one room?

Manager: What's the matter, have they quarrelled?

* * *

Vanity.

Then there is the story of the blonde star who was recently hurt in an automobile accident. Working this into one of his scripts, Mr. Boasberg put these words into the mouth of a comedian: "She's so vain that she refused to look at the X-ray photographs until the artist had retouched them."

* * *

Back In Trade.

One of Hollywood's famous directors seldom forgets that he formerly was the proprietor of a haberdashery shop, but it slipped his mind one night when he asked Boasberg: "Well, did you like my last picture?"

"Sure," he replied, "can I depend on it being the last one? And send me a dozen shirts."

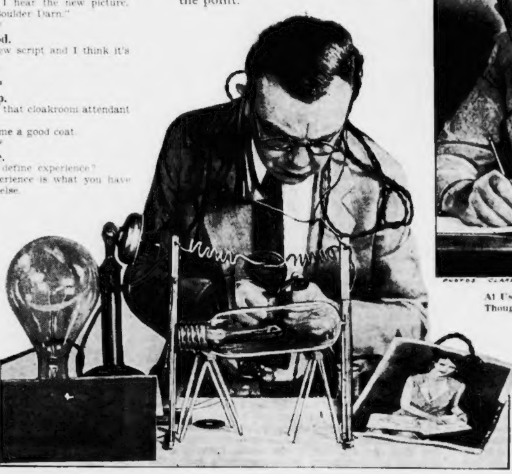
* * *

Covering Up.

One of the studios proudly announced that it was going in for one of those stupendous productions of Whittier's, "The Barefoot Boy."

At that time Hollywood was annoyed by pressure of a number of censors' groups. Upon receiving the announcement, Boasberg remarked:

"'The Barefoot Boy,' eh? Well they'll probably have to clean it up by making the kid wear spats."



Al Boasberg's "Invention" to Make Still Pictures Talk. He Said If Someone Was Going to Invent Them He Would Be the One.

Biting.

Actor: My dear, are those pearly teeth really your own?

Actress: You said it, kid, I just paid the bill.

* * *

Believed in Proverbs.

Magistrate: Why did you throw a hot flatiron at your husband?

Wife: Well, it's my motto to strike while the iron is hot.

* * *

Why He Was Nervous.

Pardon me for appearing nervous. Last night I spoke at the Flower Show and when I finished they threw flowers at me. Tonight I'm addressing the crowd at the Automobile Show.

* * *

Suggestion.

Make-up Expert: I'm having trouble making up the face of Miss Blank for that new part. I wish I could make her mouth bigger.

Director: I don't see how you can unless you take her ears off.

* * *

Two Reasons.

Dancer: How did you like my dancing in that last film?

Director: You would be a good dancer, my dear, except for two things.

Dancer: And what are they?

Director: Your feet.

* * *

Surprise.

Ingenue: Please come to my party. You know it's a birthday affair and it's supposed to be a surprise.

Boasberg: Well, you will get the biggest surprise when you wake up next year and find out you're not eighteen years any longer but thirty-seven.

* * *

Too Transparent.

Publicity Agent: The star of that rival company caused a sensation the other night by wearing cellophane gloves to the opening. Don't you think we could have our star wear a cellophane dress tonight?

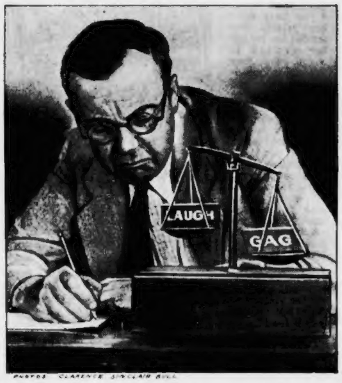
Boasberg: It's a good gag, but too many people would see through it.

* * *

What, Again?

Mr. Boasberg had seen a picture the night before for which he had written a number of gags. He 'phoned the studio when he woke up in the morning and asked for the supervisor. The supervisor's secretary told him that her boss had gone to a funeral.

"What!" cried Boasberg, "are they previewing the picture again?"



PHOTOS CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

Al Used to Weigh Every Gag on a Machine Before He Thought It Was Good Enough to Be Sold. If the Gag "Outweighed" the Laugh It Wasn't Any Good and Al Would Have to Try Again.

No Experience.

Jack Benny: Do you like codfish balls?

Mary Livingston: I don't know. I never attended one.

* * *

Charity.

Solicitor: I'm from the Community Chest. It's a charitable institution.

Extra: Anything you can spare will be acceptable.

* * *

Catty.

Hero: Take a look at that new car. It's a baby!

Villain: Yes, I can hear its rattle.

* * *

Identified.

Page Boy: Mr. Boasberg, there's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith.

Boasberg: What's the name of his other leg?

* * *

Affinity.

There's an actor in Hollywood who is so hammy that when he walks into a restaurant the cooks have a tough time preventing the eggs from frying themselves.

* * *

Some Party.

Comedian: Lend me those scissors.

Host: Hey, stop! Why are you taking that 'phone out of the house with you?

Comedian: I'm going to a party and this is a party line.

* * *

The Verdict.

Waiter: Have you tried our sausages, sir?

Guest: Yes—and found them guilty.

* * *

Apology.

Movie Magnate: You say you're a writer? Why do you sign your name to that contract with an X? Can't you write?

Writer: Oh, I can write, but I didn't think you could read.

* * *

Close Fitting.

Bobby: Mama, my new suit is tighter than my skin.

Mother: Why, Bobby, that can't be. The suit goes over your skin.

Bobby: But mother, I can sit down without tearing my skin.

* * *

Downbeat.

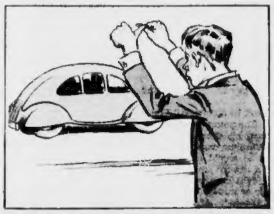
A Hollywood actor was not feeling well. He confided this to a friend. The friend took out his watch, felt the actor's pulse, stared at him for a moment and said: "Either you're dead or my watch has stopped."

* * *

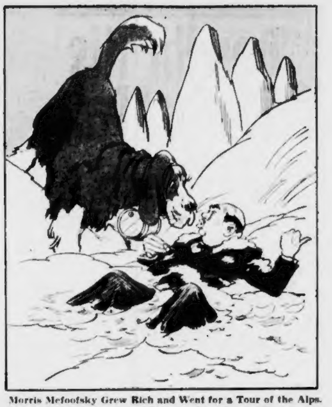
Almost Complete.

A famous woman star had just received her fifth divorce. Her husband couldn't pay alimony, so the court awarded her his family mansion. Remarking on the situation, Boasberg quipped:

"One more husband and she'll have the place furnished."



With the Coming of the New Streamline Automobiles Hitch-hikers Now Have to Stand With Their Thumbs Crossed. Even Then, They Have a Hard Job Discovering Which Way the Car Is Going.



Morris Mefoofsky Grew Rich and Went for a Tour of the Alps. He Got Lost in a Snowdrift and Was Slowly Freezing to Death When One of the Dogs From the St. Bernard Monastery Came Along With a Cask of Whisky Attached to his Neck. Mefoofsky Petted the Dog, Took the Stopper Out of the Cask and Was About to Drink, When He Had a Sudden Thought. "Hey, Fido," He Yelled at the Dog. "Vat kind of service is diss? Go back and bring some ginger ale."

Observation.

It's easier to raise a laugh than a loan.

* * *

Preview.

A woman in Chicago, according to the newspapers, has been yawning for 100 hours. She's going to have a lot of competition with the people who see some of the new movies.

* * *

It's An Idea.

So many contests are clogging Hollywood's boulevards with beauty queens that the studios ought to get together and conduct a contest to send the winners home.

* * *

The Way Out.

Fan: Are they going to release that picture you wrote the jokes for, Mr. Boasberg?

Boasberg: No, they're going to release the director.

* * *

Caustic.

Producer: I don't think we'll buy that story. The dialogue is too caustic.

Magnate: Who cares what it costs so long as it's good?

* * *

Time Out.

Director: How did you like the revival at the Little Intimate Theatre last night?

Boasberg: The skits were not bad, but the theatre was so small that one of the actors reached up to the balcony where I was sitting and stole my watch.

* * *

Impossible.

Comedian: I don't feel well.

Stooge: What's wrong?

Comedian: I went to see the doctor and he told me what to do, but I wouldn't do it. He said to take one pill three times a day, but you can't do that.

* * *

Windy.

Comedian: Well, I don't want to buy the horse. He looks old.

Farmer: Why, he's a blooming good horse.

Comedian: How's his wind?

Farmer: Well, it's so good, sir, that's how he lost his teeth. You see, he blew them out.

* * *

Recognized.

Mr. Boasberg was in his office one day awaiting word about his first big movie contract when suddenly someone knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" asked Boasberg.

"Santa Claus," came the voice.

"Come in, Mr. Goldwyn," invited the writer.

* * *

For Your Information.

Intuition is the strange instinct that tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.

Epitaph: He walked on the suicide of the road.

People who have half an hour to spend usually spend it with somebody who hasn't.

Dignity is something that can't be preserved in alcohol.

* * *

Lucky.

Comedian: (to hill billy) How long has your family lived in these Kentucky mountains, son?

Hill Billy: Oh, about average. Grandpa wasn't plugged with a .44 until he was twenty-nine years old.

* * *

Done 'Em Wrong.

Brat: Look, pa, all this home work I got. They're my Frankie and Johnnie problems.

Father: What do you mean, Frankie and Johnnie problems?

Brat: Well, I done 'em wrong.

* * *

Foresight.

Wifey, dear, look here? I met the assistant director and he gave me a couple of tickets for the preview of "Gone With the Wind."

Oh, swell, hubby. I'll start dressing at once.

Right, my dear. Hurry up—the preview is booked for next September.

* * *

The Head Man.

In the script, the radio comedian was in the character of a hick policeman, the stooge was a city slicker, visiting the small town. Meeting the local cop, the slicker joshed:

"So you're the chief of police, hey? Glad to meet you. And when can I shake hands with the fire chief?

The constable replied:

"Just wait while I change hats."

* * *

Coincidence

Stooge: Today is my anniversary. I've worked for the same boss for 25 years.

Comic: What a coincidence. Today is my silver wedding anniversary, too.

"Bought" His Bride For A Pair Of Mules

READERS of The American Weekly will recall an article a few weeks ago showing pictures of a Zululand wedding. The happy bridegroom in the photographs had purchased his bride with a gift of oxen to her father. In Prescott, Iowa, not long ago, a young farmer "bought" his bride with a pair of work mules, valued at $350.

The strange back-woods drama had its origin in the love of Ralph Davies, a young Iowa farmer, for pretty, seventeen-year-old Caroline Crawford, niece of Mark Hanna, another farmer in the Prescott area. Caroline lived with her uncle and aunt, her parents having died long before.

Young Davies, in order to add to the uncertain revenues of his small farm, had purchased the mules and a big wagon, and rented himself and his team and wagon out to haul lumber, machinery, and supplies.

He had the team and wagon with him as he drove into the gate of the Hanna farm a few weeks ago and, blushing and stuttering, asked Mark Hanna if it would be all right with him if Davies married Caroline.

Hanna studied the situation. The seventeen-year-old girl was a great help around the house. She could do chores and aid his wife in caring for the house, and she was a good cook.

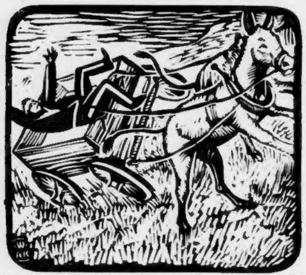
"Tell you what," he offered finally, "a trade ought to be a trade. If you want to marry Caroline, you trade me them mules for her!"

The young farmer gulped in surprise.

"But, Mr. Hanna," he objected, "if I give you those mules I will have no way of making a proper living."

Hanna pointed out, however, that Davies was young. He could probably get a job cutting wood for Hillop Newman, a wealthy farmer of the vicinity. He could soon make enough money to buy another pair of mules. Davies, knowing only that he was in love with Caroline, finally decided to make the trade.

But this left another problem on his hands. What would he do with the big wagon? He had paid $65 for that, just a few weeks before, but without the mules to draw it, it was worthless to him. Hanna had another idea. He would, he said, pay Davies $10 in cash for the wagon. Then Davies went into the Hanna house and told Caroline he wanted to marry her. The girl, in love with the young farmer, offered no objections, and the couple were married.



As the Heavy Wagon Careened Along the Road, the Mules Saw an Open Gate to a Pasture and Turned In. The Wagon Upset, and Uncle Mark Had to Be Rescued. Ralph Was Then Given Back His Team.

But immediately after the wedding Hanna suggested that, as Davies didn't have a suitable place for Caroline, she should return with him to the Hanna farm. Davies, he said, could then see about getting a job and a house, and when he was settled, he could call for his bride. Davies agreed reluctantly.

The young farmer, a hard-working, well-liked youth, had little trouble securing work. And it didn't take him long to find a suitable house, some ten miles away from the Hanna farm. And then he set out to get his wife. She was ready, her few belongings packed, and her Uncle Mark saw them off, remarking that he hated to see her go. Uncle Mark, meanwhile, had set himself up in the hauling business that Davies once had operated.

For a short time the young couple got along happily, and then, while Davies was at work one day, Uncle Mark appeared at his new home, and told Caroline her aunt was seriously ill, so ill he feared she was about to die. The excited bride hastily jumped into her uncle's wagon and they headed toward the Hanna farm.

Caroline had been so excited she had forgotten to leave a note for her husband, telling him where she was going.

Davies arrived home from work, and found his wife missing. The young farmer had had time to do some thinking and he was none too pleased with his in-laws by this time, and, as he had little doubt where Caroline was, he picked up a shotgun, and traveled the ten miles to Uncle Mark's.

He told a judge later that Mark Hanna opened the door of the farmhouse before he was half way across the yard and demanded: "What do you want here?"

"I want Caroline," declared the angry bridegroom, "and you had better produce her."

"She is with her sick aunt and can't be disturbed," Uncle Mark replied, according to Davies. The young farmer then made a significant movement toward his shotgun. Uncle Mark went back in the house and Caroline came out. But as the couple left, Hanna declared he would have Davies arrested for threatening him with a deadly weapon.

"If you do," retorted the youth, "I'll have you arrested for trading your niece off for a pair of mules."

And that was how the two met in court. An astonished judge listened to the story of the swap of a pair of mules for a seventeen-year-old girl. He also heard how Davies had come after his young wife with a shotgun. He heard Caroline declare she wanted to be with her husband. And then the judge dismissed the charges against young Davies, and fined Uncle Mark $15. Also he declared the "swap" was illegal, and ordered Hanna to return the mules and wagon to Davies.

But Uncle Mark's troubles arising out of the unusual "swap" were not yet ended, because as he drove the team and the big wagon along a narrow road to return them, an automobile roared past and frightened the animals. They bolted, and Hanna, despite the fact he was a blacksmith, wasn't strong enough to check them. The heavy wagon careened down the road. Then the animals saw an open gate into a pasture, and turned in. The wagon upset.

When the dust had settled farmers who had witnessed the accident lifted the wagon off of Hanna and returned the team to Ralph Davies, and his bride.

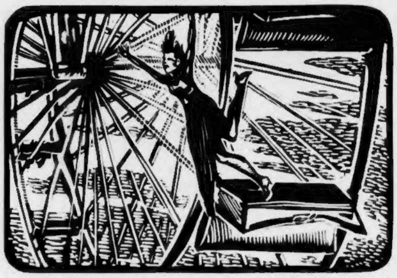
Pretty Dancer Successful In Suicide After 15 Attempts

DEATH haunted Caroline Kerzinger, pretty Austrian dancer, who tried fifteen times in fifteen years to end her life. She tried again the other day, and this time success rewarded her persistency. In the little village of Villach, in the mountainous regions of Carinthia where she was born, the pretty dancer hurled herself over a cliff.

The strange girl who sought death so often and spent months in hospitals throughout the country recovering from self-inflicted injuries first tried to kill herself when she was only sixteen years old and unhappily in love with a boy about her own age. When he turned from her to another sweetheart she jumped into a pond near her home. It was only two feet deep. Wet, cold, miserable and her first infatuation cured, the girl crept home, determined to live happily.

But the instinct for death must have been strong in Caroline Kerzinger. Or possibly she had learned to like the curious mixture of feelings—fear, excitement, awe and self pity that flood the mind when a human being seriously contemplates self-sought death. Whatever the strange quirk in her mind Caroline tried again to kill herself about a year later, after her parents had scolded her for her low grades in school. This time the pretty seventeen-year-old girl threw herself in front of a street car. The motorman jammed on the brakes and the girl escaped with a few bruises.

Almost a year ago to a day, Caroline, having graduated from high school, sought the consent of her parents to a dancing career. When they told her to forget such "nonsense" and settle down, she ran upstairs in rage and hurled herself from the second floor of her home. She broke a leg, a shoulder-blade and her pelvic bone, but she lived.



Caroline Threw Herself From the Ferris Wheel Basket 300 Feet Above the Ground, but Once Again She Was Thwarted, Because Her Dress Caught on a Projection, She Descended Unharmed.

When her injuries finally healed, and her frightened parents had given in to her plans, Caroline went to Vienna to seek training as a dancer. But the life was not as exciting as she had expected it to be. She knew no one in the city, and few had time to bother with the little country girl. Homesick, lonely and heartbroken at her reception, she stood on a bridge over the Danube one day and stared in fascination at the dark waters that swirled far below her. Again her suicidal urge flared up, and she vaulted the railing and her body twisted and turned as it fell through the air into the river. But her scream had attracted a policeman on the shore below, there to guard against just such contingencies. He leaped into the water and dragged the unconscious girl ashore.

The police arranged for Caroline to board with a Vienna family so that she would not feel lonely. For a time all went well, until Caroline and the landlady's husband fell in love. The landlady, learning of their affair, ordered the girl out of the house. Caroline, sobbing bitterly, crept upstairs to pack her clothes. But she slipped into the bathroom and slashed her wrist with a razor.

The landlady and her frightened husband found the girl there a few minutes later and she was again rushed to a hospital. Blood transfusions saved the life she had tried so hard to throw away. Somehow she escaped jail for this attempt, and for a time was quite happy in a love affair with another young man, a dancer. But again their love was short lived. The man deserted her and Caroline, dressing herself in her finest clothes and carefully curling her mass of blonde hair, tried to hang herself. She was discovered in time, cut down and her life saved. Then Caroline failed to pass the final examinations of the dancing school, and she shot herself. But the revolver bullet that was aimed at her heart struck a rib and was deflected.

When she got out of the hospital Caroline went back to dancing and eventually was successful in passing her examinations. She went from place to place in Vienna, from producer to producer, but there were no jobs. Discouraged, the girl dissolved two boxes of a powerful sedative in water and drank the solution. A charwoman discovered her, unconscious, and prompt use of a stomach pump made her eighth attempt at death a failure.

For quite a while after she left the hospital she worked in night-clubs and was happy, and then ironically, she fell ill and nearly died. She went back to the hospital for several months and the expense ate up her savings. Upon recovering she found she could dance no more for a year. Penniless, she found herself about to lose her lodging, and in her distress she turned on the gas. A neighbor smelled the gas and saved her, but after that she could not sleep, and again tried to end her life by taking an overdose of sleeping powders, but once again a neighbor revived her.

Caroline found a job repairing costumes in a dance studio and it was while thus employed that she learned of her mother's death. When she returned to Villach for the funeral, her father accused her of hastening her mother's death. En route back to Vienna, Caroline leaped from a speeding train, but landed in a network of wires that broke her fall.

An opportunity to dance again came in a few months. She worked for two years, saved money for retirement, but a crooked race-track bookmaker swindled Caroline. She decided then to make sure of suicide. She went to the Trabrennplatz to attend the motorcycle races.

The dizzy whirling of the racing machines rising and falling on the sides of the slanting retaining wall fascinated her. She managed to edge close to the rim, and was crouched for the leap that would have killed her and the riders as well, when a young man who had been watching her, stole up behind her and seized her just in time.

The young man was very solicitous, and late that afternoon accompanied her home. He called frequently after that to inquire about her condition and they fell in love. Caroline was happy—until she discovered that her new sweetheart was deceiving her, that he was engaged to another girl.

Then it was that she decided to make the thirteenth attempt to kill herself. This time, she vowed, she would kill the faithless lover also. She planned the thing out for days, and when her plot was all settled in her mind she called the lover and persuaded him to take her for a "farewell" ride in his car and, under the guise of thrill-seeking, urged her lover to drive faster and faster as they got into a little-used stretch of road near Vienna. When the car was traveling close to its top speed she suddenly wrenched the wheel from her sweetheart's hands and swerved the car from the road into a clump of trees. The man was thrown from the car, soared through the air and landed in a thick clump of bushes that acted as a net.

Determined to end her life this time the dancer ran down the road seeking some means of death. Her gaze fell upon a coil of wire at the roadside. Above gleamed high-tension electric wires. Hastily uncoiling the wire she looped one end of it around a rock, swung the rock around her head and tried to toss the wire across the electric wires high above. She would have been electrocuted if she had succeeded. But the wires were high, and Caroline's aim was poor. She tried again and again until a motorist, passing by, saw the strange performance, and restrained her.

But Caroline nearly earned the death she hunted that day when she was charged with murder, because of the death of her sweetheart. But a sympathetic jury, influenced by her story and her beauty, found her not guilty.

Caroline went back to her dancing, her reputation enhanced by the publicity her last suicide attempt had brought, and for a couple of years more she did well. But Caroline was thirty-one now, and there were other and younger dancers coming up to challenge her success. Jobs became harder to find and paid less when she did find them. Once again she brooded and, in an effort to cheer herself up, she went to the "Prater," Vienna's great amusement park. She was alone, and she boarded the gigantic ferris wheel that is a feature of the park. The huge wheel carried its patrons in little baskets 300 feet above the ground, and when the basket in which she rode was at the top Caroline flung herself overboard. This time her dress caught and, swaying wildly with the movement of the wheel, she was carried safely to the ground.

Once again Caroline went back to dancing, but after a few months she took the few dollars she had saved and returned to Villach to rest.

Her father had never forgiven her for her mother's death, and at home, where she couldn't escape seeing how bitter he was, Caroline brooded again. Her dancing career was ended. Her reputation was such that none of the men in the village would consider marrying her. So Caroline sought death again. One clear Winter morning, just as the sun was casting a red tint across the snow-covered peaks, Caroline climbed a little used mountain trail to the top of a cliff that towered 1,000 feet above the boulder strewn stream bed, and hurled herself out in space. This time she did not fail.

Old Files Yield Odd Story Of The Spanish Friars

WORKERS on the Federal Writers' Project of the WPA, doing research work while compiling the Texas volume of The American Guide, have found in the mildewed records of San Fernando Cathedral in San Antonio, an amusing story of drowned flies.

According to the old mission chronicle the zealous Franciscans had labored long and earnestly to learn the Indian dialects of this region in order to convey the gospel message simply and clearly in the Indian idiom.

But in spite of their best efforts to master the Indian tongue they found their vocabulary totally inadequate to tell the story of the resurrection. Desperately, they sought some homely illustration to give the story meaning to the Indian mind, and found—the common fly.

So the good padres caught some flies, and showed them to the Indians. While the savages watched with child-like fascination the flies were first held in water until they seemed to be dead. Then the "drowned flies" were taken from the water, placed in ashes and then exposed to the sun. Soon they began to revive.

In great suspense the padres awaited the first words that would be spoken by the Indians. Surely now, for the first time, they were about to hear the Indian equivalent for: "He was dead, but is alive again."

What relief was theirs when the Indians uttered in guttural chorus the cry: "Ibimuhut, etc."

Rejoicing at their successful strategy the monks seized upon these words and preached with great zeal the story they could not tell before. The word "Ibimuhut" was used repeatedly.

If the savages seemed to listen with startled puzzlement whenever the supposedly enlightening word was used by the friars it was doubtless attributed to the overwhelming message of the resurrection story.

Then one day, the record says, a skilled interpreter came to the mission and explained to the friars the meaning of "Ibimuhut, etc." Translated it was: "A little more, and those flies would have been dead."

Why Deaf Warders Guard Romantic Bandit

ROUMANIA'S notorious bandit, Gheorghe Coroiu, around whom many legends have been spun by the [illegible] village folk who consider him to be a second Robin Hood, is serving five years in jail at Bacau, Roumania.

He had originally been kept in the jail of Botosani but authorities thought best to remove him from his native town, where he had innumerable friends, and to transport him to Bacau where nobody sympathized with the bandit.

While Coroiu was in the prison he got so friendly with the prison warden that he was allowed to have his meals brought in by his friends and his sweetheart, a pretty peasant girl.

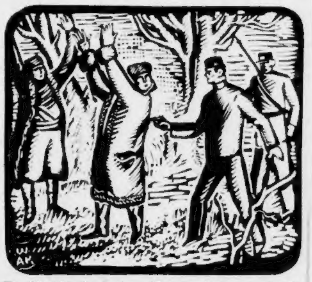
A controlling inspector happened to visit the prison just when the warden, the convict and his girl friend were having a merry meal in the warden's private room. The warden was removed and his successor treated Coroiu like any ordinary convict.

This irked the bandit. He decided to break out of the prison. Nothing was easier for him than to do this. Nearly all the warders were his friends. They all staunchly believed that Coroiu was an enemy of the rich and robbed them of their money in order to give it to the poor. The oily-tongued robber succeeded in persuading the jailers that he was really a romantic-minded highwayman, a heroic bandit, a gallant adventurer, and friend of the poor.

One warder, Vasile Dobrovanu, was so fervent an admirer of the notorious bandit that he agreed to help Coroiu escape from the jail of Botosani. One evening the two crept out of the prison grounds. Coroiu wore his prison costume and Dobrovanu was armed heavily. They walked peacefully along the road and everybody who saw them believed that the heavily-armed jailer was transporting the convict to an inquiry or to another prison.

On the highway Coroiu waylaid two prosperous looking merchants on their way home from a fair. At pistol's point he bade them give up all the money they had on them. He told them who he was and threatened to shoot them dead.

But the two men were not frightened. They laughed into the bandit's face and told him that he was a liar. He could not be Coroiu, the notorious gangster, because Coroiu was safely under lock and key in the prison of Botosani. They refused to give up the money and treated the bandit as a beginner who was ambitious to imitate the famous Coroiu. But when the jailer testified that the man covering them with a pistol was indeed Gheorghe Coroiu the two merchants were frightened. Trembling in their shoes they handed all their money to Coroiu and were glad to escape with their lives.



The Waylaid Merchants at First Laughed at the Bandit, But When They Discovered It Was Really Coroiu, They Began to Tremble, and Quickly Handed Over All Their Money to the Self-Styled Robin Hood.

After three days of absence Coroiu and his faithful escort returned to the prison in Botosani. The bandit announced proudly that he had come back of his own free will, because he wanted to prove his innocence. But the authorities suspected that the real reason for his escape was his desire to put his accumulated riches into safety. They transported him to Bacau where the trial was held. Coroiu was sentenced to five years. Fearing that he might again get around his jailers with his gift of gab and his charming manners, the authorities decided to place him under the supervision of deaf warders, who will not so easily fall under the temptation of Coroiu's glowing descriptions of the attractions of a wild highwayman's life.

Coroiu had been a servant on the estate of Mihau Turtulescu, a nobleman of Moldova. He was treated well by his master and he was so grateful that, when he disappeared from the house one day, he left a note behind: "Don't be afraid, master. I will never harm you who have been good to me. I will defend you against your enemies. Your loyal servant, Gheorghe Coroiu."

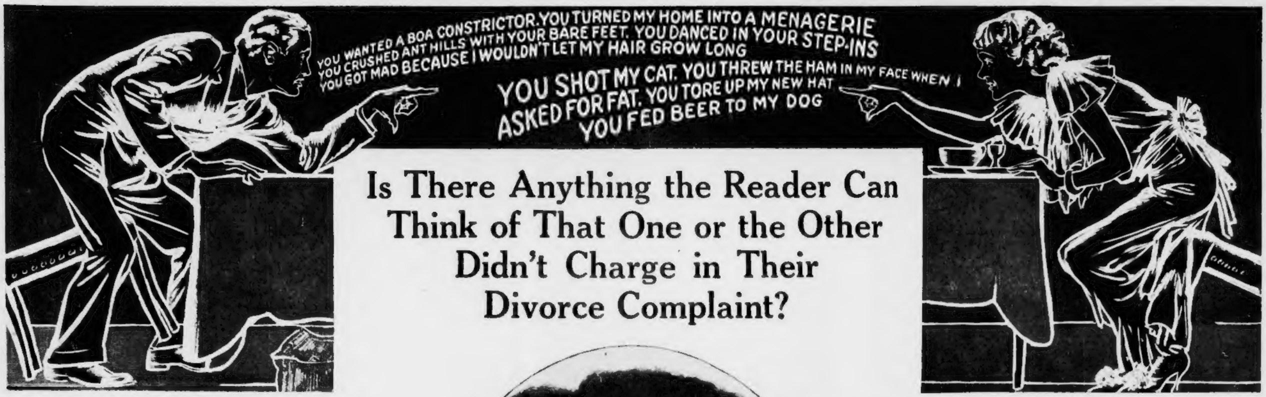
Nobody knows the reason why Coroiu left his master's house and why he became a bandit and an outlaw. After a time, however, he was suspected of having killed and robbed his own grandmother. There was some evidence against him and he was arrested. He escaped from prison a few months later and swore to take his revenge on society which accused him of and punished him for a crime of which he was innocent.

He installed himself in the woods around Botosani, organized a gang of robbers and held the people of the neighboring villages in terror. He attacked traveling merchants and businessmen, started night raids on villages and towns and rifled the houses of the richest citizens. But one night, when he broke upon the sleeping town of Stefanesti and rifled house after house, he was nearly caught by the gendarmes. Although his gang numbered but fifteen members he succeeded in robbing the houses of the wealthiest people in town and managed to escape.

After this the police searched for him frantically. His portrait stared from posters stuck on houses of Botosani and from front pages of newspapers and a premium was offered to the person helping the police to arrest him. His robberies were bold and frequent.

The reason the police found it so difficult to locate Coroiu was that he had plenty of friends who gave him shelter when the police were after him. The poor people saw in him a legendary figure, a wonderful hero, a gallant highwayman who administered justice by robbing the rich and supporting the poor, and they hid him whenever he was in danger and fed him when he was hiding from the police. At last he was caught and arrested. But he has repeatedly managed to escape with the help of his friends or of his jailers whom he won over to his side by his persuasive blarney and by promises of a life of thrills and of great wealth.

Cat and Dog Life of Dr. and Mrs. Gierding


YOU WANTED A BOA CONSTRICTOR. YOU TURNED MY HOME INTO A MENAGERIE
YOU CRUSHED ANT HILLS WITH YOUR BARE FEET. YOU DANCED IN YOUR STEP-INS
YOU GOT MAD BECAUSE I WOULDN'T LET MY HAIR GROW LONG
YOU SHOT MY CAT. YOU THREW THE HAM IN MY FACE WHEN I ASKED FOR FAT. YOU TORE UP MY NEW HAT
YOU FED BEER TO MY DOG

Is There Anything the Reader Can Think of That One or the Other Didn't Charge in Their Divorce Complaint?

IF DR. AND MRS. ERNEST C. GIERDING forgot to do or say any annoying or exasperating thing to each other during their five years of married life, that oversight is not apparent from their divorce affidavits.

But maybe the reader can think of something they overlooked.

Mrs. Gierding was Margaret (Peggy) Stokes, young and attractive niece of wealthy Edward Casper Stokes, former Governor of New Jersey, and so far as she knows still the major beneficiary of his will. Dr. Gierding is a well-known dentist with a lucrative practice. Peggy wants separate maintenance with the doctor paying for it. He wants an absolute divorce. In applying to the courts for satisfaction on these wants, the truly cat-and-dog life of the pair became public.

Taking up the doctor's charges first, he says that his wife wanted him, a middle-aged, conservative dentist, to share their bed with a nice big snake, preferably a boa constrictor.

But beside this—well, the way Dr. Gierding puts it in his affidavit probably cannot be improved. Says the doctor:

"The complainant would go about the house nude, even in the presence of my two daughters and also the maid. She said that this was artistic, and when I asked her to clothe herself she would say: 'Oh, you —— —— fool, you don't understand anything.' She disliked the sunshine and always delighted in drab days and dark places. She would go out in a terrific rainstorm only thinly clad, and without a hat or coat. She said she liked to feel the torrents of water beat against her body, and to watch the streaks of lightning and hear the crash of thunder. She would go out in the snow and dance around in her bare feet. She also had a mania for killing ants. She would crush whole hills of them, saying that she hated the busy little things. But she wanted a big snake to sleep with her in the bed."

The late lamented Frank Daniels used to sing a song called "My Angeline," (Copyright by Edward Schuberth & Co.) about a man who married a circus performer, of which a few lines ran like this:

We were only married a week or two
When I found her quite a wreck;
Her limbs were tied in a true lover's knot
At the back of her swan-like neck.
No curse there sprang from my pallid lips
Nor could I reproach her then,
But I calmly untied my lovely bride
And I straightened her out again.

Dr. Gierding implies that he suffered much the same from Peggy's ambition to become a writer or dancer. He says she:

"Decided to write and contended that she could write best at two o'clock in the morning. She would keep me awake roaming about the rooms, opening and closing doors and windows, and letting the water run in the bathroom. When I asked her kindly to go to bed so that I could get some sleep as I had to get up early in the morning, an argument would ensue which would upset me so much that I would be unable to sleep the rest of the night. . .

"When I would come home at night I would find her in a pair of tiny tights and a bandeau, dancing and jumping around. Perspiration would be streaming down her face and she would be panting and excited."

But turning for the moment to Peggy, what does she say? Plenty. Peggy says, in the welter of other accusations in her affidavit:

"He delighted in telling complainant stories which were loathsome to her. He would get incensed if he saw a thread on a rug. One day he would tell her that he enjoyed a certain dish and that he could eat it every day, and when she fixed it again he would ask if complainant thought that he was a '—— horse and wanted oats every night.'"

Continuing, Peggy says her husband—

Had too many hobbies from which he switched without reason.

Said he had no patience with human beings.

Urged her to write obscene books.

Hit her with an ash-tray.

Blamed her because his birds dropped seeds on the rugs.

Instructed her to let his birds fly about the bedroom and blamed her because they dropped something beside seeds.

Threw a fifty-dollar bill at her, telling her to take it and get out—but he grabbed the bill back before she could reach it.

When the family car developed a flat tire ordered her to pay for it, and when she explained that she couldn't because he never gave her any money, forbade her to use the car for three weeks.

When she asked him how he expected her to do the marketing when he never gave her any money he said that she would have to figure that out herself.

He took her pet dog and tried to make it into a hunting dog, for which, it seems, it was temperamentally unfitted and then he "fed beer to said dog and then took it out and beat it."

Then "one day in October, 1935, complainant bought a hat which the defendant said he liked, but that evening on the way home in the car, he tore the hat from her head and threw it out the window and told complainant that she 'Looked like a —— —— —— —— in a hat like that,' and further stated that 'that was the reason that she bought it.'"

But Dr. Gierding, in his affidavit, explains this away as follows:

"Defendant admits that he threw one of complainant's hats out of the automobile window, but denies that it was under the circumstances set forth in paragraph fifteen of complainant's bill. Defendant states that complainant purchased a hat which was not only very unbecoming, but was freaky looking. He requested her not to wear it, and she persisted in wearing it two or three weeks without a change. Defendant did pick the hat off complainant's head and throw it out of the window of the automobile, but did so without any violence or without any abusive language. In fact, it was done in a joking manner and defendant told complainant to purchase another one at his expense."

Then there was the ham incident. As Peggy puts it:

"On a Sunday night in the month of January, 1936, the defendant came home after hunting and decided that the whole family should have ham and eggs. He insisted upon preparing it. While he was cutting away the fat which he knew complainant liked, complainant deliberately threw it away, and when the complainant asked why he had done that he flew into a horrible rage and picked up the knife and hurled the uncut ham at complainant with full force and called her . . . , and said he ought to send her to the hospital, and 'by God he would.'"

Returning now to Dr. Gierding, his version of the ham incident is that:

"While in the kitchen slicing ham, the complainant stood beside him, saying: 'I don't want that kind of a slice—I want that one.' She continued disturbing the defendant until he cut his finger. When complainant saw this, she ran out the back door, and as she ran, the defendant threw the slice of ham at her which he had just cut. Defendant denies that he ran after her with a knife in his hand, and denies that he chased her."

Continuing, Dr. Gierding says Peggy:

"Took classes and private lessons in Spanish dancing, from this she changed to tap dancing, from tap dancing to acrobatic dancing and then to toe dancing. Defendant would sit down in the evening to read his paper and complainant would start jumping around, practicing. This thumping and tapping and jumping greatly annoyed defendant and he asked complainant whether or not she couldn't practice when defendant was not there."

Peggy wouldn't talk about anything but dancing, he complains.

Also, he says, she objected to him having his hair cut, or, as he puts it: "She would cry and create a scene when defendant had his hair cut, because she wanted him to wear it long so that he looked like the men in Greenwich Village."

He alleges that: "She loathed babies, saying that she would rather have pups, that she hated the 'slimy, pink things' and usually referred to them as 'brats.'"

That she "would leave her bedroom and the bathroom in great disorder, with clothing, underwear and towels strewn all about the place.

"She had five tanks of fish, four pairs of birds (three pairs being love birds), several canaries, and, for a time, one cat."

That reference to "for a time one cat" is ominous, because it brings in the important cat episode, mentioned by both.

In Mrs. Gierding's affidavit, Clause 32, it is described as follows:

"In the month of February, suddenly, for no apparent reason, the defendant took a fancy to a cat which he brought into the house. A short time thereafter, while complainant and the defendant's children were playing bridge, he yelled at the cat to come to him. It refused. Complainant suggested that he call the cat gently and that she would probably come. At that, the defendant jumped up, sending the cards flying in all directions, hurled an ash-tray at complainant, which struck the complainant, causing a bump on her head, and shouted that he would kill the '—— —— animal;' that he always hated cats anyway and that he was sick of this one. He ran for a gun, knocked over furniture about him in an endeavor to catch the animal and finally found the cat in the sun parlor and fired three shots into it.

"Complainant heard its bell tinkling as it squirmed and breathed its last. Complainant and defendant's children were struck and shaking with terror. The defendant came back into the living room and said that 'that was the end of the —— —— beast,' and as complainant stood staring in horror, he turned to her in fury and told her to get that expression off her face or he would shoot her too. Despite the continual taking of sedatives, complainant has continued to have nightmares about this episode."

But in Dr. Gierding's affidavit, Clause 18, the episode is told in this way:

"One day when we were in a pet shop the proprietor showed us a peculiar cat which he had there, and when complainant expressed a wish to have it, he suggested that I take it in payment of a bill which he owed me. I told him that I did not want the cat, but complainant insisted that she wanted it, so we took it. My wife kept the cat in a cage, as she was afraid of it. One evening we were playing bridge with my two daughters and the complainant opened the cage and let the cat out in the room. It tore about in a wild manner, jumped at first one daughter and then the other, causing Helen to stand on a chair. The cat then sprang at me, tearing my trousers and clawing me. Then it ran about the room furiously and frightened the girls and my wife very much. Finally I got my gun, and when the cat ran into the sun parlor I shot it and then removed it. There was nothing else I could do under the circumstances, as the cat was wild and dangerous."

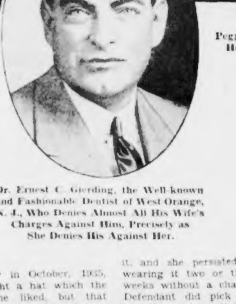
If quantity and quality of cruelty count, somebody ought to get something, assuming that the charges in the affidavits have basis, which, however, both either explain as exaggerated or untrue.

Mrs. Margaret (Peggy) Gierding, Who Denies Practically All Her Husband's Charges, and Especially the One About Wanting a Big Snake.

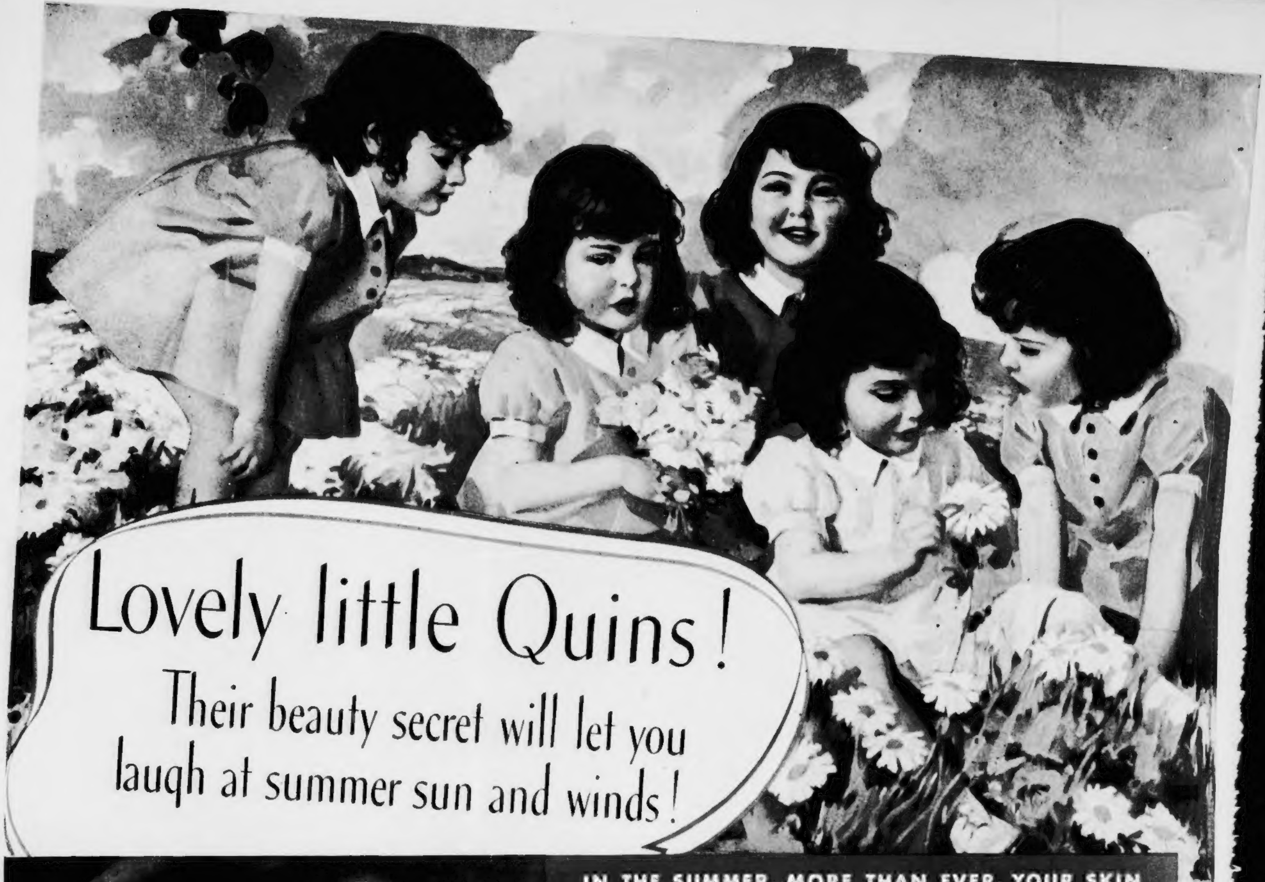
The Quaint, Old-Fashioned Home of the Gierdings at West Orange, N. J., From Which Peggy Says She Ran Out Into the Night, Pursued by Her Husband, but He Says It Isn't So.

Mrs. Gierding Practicing an Attractive Dance Interpretation, but Which Dr. Gierding Didn't Find Attractive at All, He Says.

Peggy in One of Her Dancing Poses.



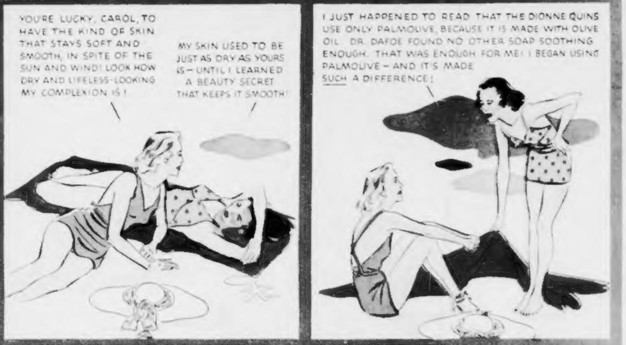
Dr. Ernest C. Gierding, the Well-known and Fashionable Dentist of West Orange, N. J., Who Denies Almost All His Wife's Charges Against Him, Precisely as She Denies His Against Her.



Lovely little Quins!

Their beauty secret will let you laugh at summer sun and winds!

IN THE SUMMER, MORE THAN EVER, YOUR SKIN NEEDS THE SPECIAL CARE OF THIS GENTLE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!



YOU'RE LUCKY, CAROL, TO HAVE THE KIND OF SKIN THAT STAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH, IN SPITE OF THE SUN AND WIND! LOOK HOW DRY AND LIFELESS-LOOKING MY COMPLEXION IS!

MY SKIN USED TO BE JUST AS DRY AS YOURS IS—UNTIL I LEARNED A BEAUTY SECRET THAT KEEPS IT SMOOTH!

I JUST HAPPENED TO READ THAT THE DIONNE QUINS USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. DR. DAFOE FOUND NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING ENOUGH. THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR ME! I BEGAN USING PALMOLIVE—AND IT'S MADE SUCH A DIFFERENCE!

IT CERTAINLY IS TRUE THAT MEN ADORE A LOVELY COMPLEXION. WELL, I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE, TOO! IF PALMOLIVE MADE CAROL'S SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH, IT OUGHT TO DO THE SAME FOR MINE. I'M STARTING PALMOLIVE TODAY!

WHY PALMOLIVE MAKES DRY, LIFELESS SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT AGAIN!

Guard your own complexion against that dry, dull, lifeless condition known as "Middle-Age" Skin. Use Palmolive Soap regularly, every single night and morning.

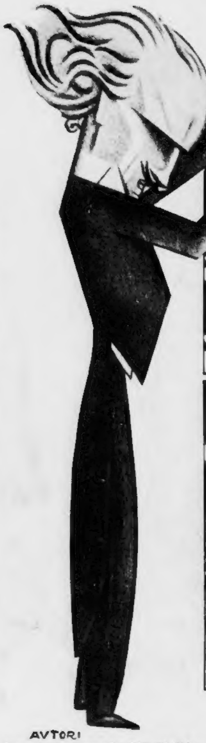
Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a *different* and very *special* lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin smooth and fresh, alive with beauty!

© [illegible]

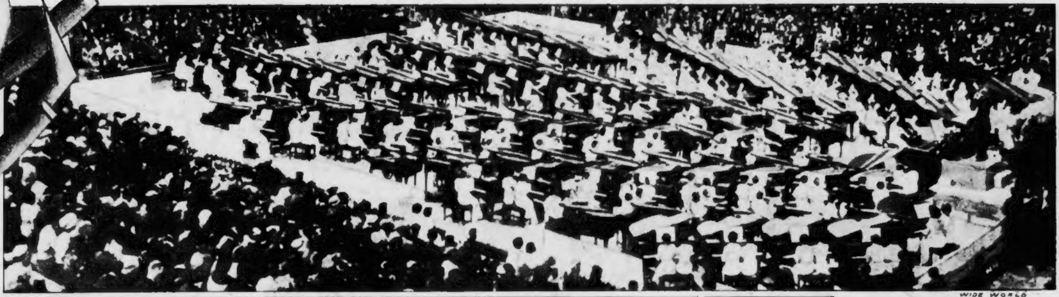
TO KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"
USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

The Bigger the Band the Poorer the Music

Science at Last Puts Its Ear to Music and Discovers That the Size of Orchestras Defeats Their Quality, and Other Curious Fallacies About Sound Which Nobody Suspected



Signor Arturo Toscanini With His Trim Figure and Flowing Hair Which Everybody Watches, as Sketched by a British Caricaturist. Perhaps Such Distractions Help to Keep Audiences From Noticing What Poor Music Big Orchestras Make.



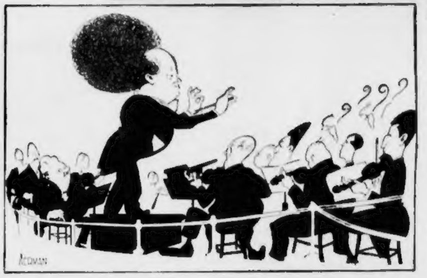
WIDE WORLD

One Hundred and Seventy-five Grand Pianos Were Played Recently at the Same Time by Pairs of School Children, Aged From Six to Sixteen Years, in the Field House of Butler University in Indianapolis. But the Music Was Not Even Twice as Loud as One Piano—and Much Poorer.

Soldiers Close to the Band Keep Perfect Time With It. But Those in the Rear Get Out of Step With the Band. This Is Because of the Time It Takes for the Music to Reach Them.

KEYSTONE

Paderewski at the Keyboard of a Piano. If Two Pianos Had Been Played at the Same Time the Volume of Sound Would Have Been Practically No More Than From One Piano.



An Amusing Drawing of Mengelberg, Whose Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, on Tour, Causes Less of a Stir Than the Remarkable "Rat's Nest" on His Head. Although Those at the Back of a Big Band Respond at the Same Moment to His Baton as the Front Ones, the Notes Do Not Reach the Audience Together, Because They Have Different Distances to Travel.

EVERYBODY has enjoyed music down through the centuries but nobody really understood the scientific facts in regard to music until acoustic engineers recently began to study the subject. It was supposed that the bigger the band the more impressive and satisfactory was the music—but now it is known that the bigger the band the worse the music is. It was supposed that two pianos produced twice as much volume of sound as one piano, but now it is known that the additional amount of noise from the second piano amounts to so little that it can hardly be noticed. 175 grand pianos all played the same tune together recently during National Music Week in Indianapolis and science explains why the music sounded no better than one good piano and in many ways sounded worse.

Until recently musicians were puzzled to understand why a good band or orchestra of 50 or 60 players can produce first-class music but when 500 or 600 players produced music it was not nearly as good. Notable among the scientists who have contributed to new knowledge which explains many musical puzzles is Mr. John Redfield of Fairfield, Conn., Fellow of the Acoustical Society of America and author of a book: "Introduction to the Science of Music."

Only recently have new scientific studies of sound by acoustical engineers disclosed the reasons why excessively large bands or orchestras are so much worse than groups of reasonable size.

The first reason why too many musicians is worse than a reasonable number is that music cannot be added up like pounds of weight or numbers of individuals. The second reason is that when great numbers of musicians play together, some of them must inevitably be so far away from some of the others that it is impossible for all of them to play and be heard in proper time.

Nowadays acoustical engineers measure all kinds of sound, including music, in the units called decibels—a sort of noise yardstick. One grand piano, played in the usual fashion of a concert pianist, produces about 75 decibels of sound; about as much sound as the average passenger automobile on an ordinary street, or the average automobile horn. Niagara Falls, listened to from points around the gorge, produces about the same sound quantity of 75 decibels.

If now a second musician and another piano join the concert and play the same music as the first piano, the sound will be increased, not to 150 decibels but only to 78 decibels. That is a consequence of the mathematical nature of the scale in which decibels are measured. The decibel scale and its mathematical peculiarities are designed to suit the characteristics of the human ear. It is a remarkable fact, almost unbelievable until one observes it himself, that two pianos, or two pigs under a gate, do not sound anywhere nearly twice as loud but sound only a little louder as is indicated by the increase of three decibels in the scale of sound intensity.

If eight more pianos now are added, the total sound increases from 78 decibels only to 85 decibels. And when the entire 175 pianos are playing, as they were at the recent assemblage in Indianapolis, the 75-decibel sound intensity of a single instrument becomes only 97 decibels for the entire 175 pianos; still far from being twice as loud, so far as the ear is concerned, as a single piano played alone.

Exactly this same thing happens when other musical instruments are combined in enormous bands or orchestras. The loudness of the music does not increase in proportion to the number of players. In a very large assemblage the last two hundred or three hundred players added make no audible difference at all. So far as the loudness of the music is concerned, forty or fifty players in an ordinary orchestra or band will do just as well as four hundred or five hundred in a massed assemblage.

When one comes to consider the space occupied by the individual instruments or musicians, the rule of addition is a different one. Each musician takes up about the same amount of necessary space. After the crowd has grown beyond fifty or sixty, new musicians added on the edges begin to be far away from the conductor and from other musicians in front. This would not make any practical difference except for one important fact. This fact is that sound travels with a definitely limited speed.

Under ordinary conditions this speed is about 1,100 feet a second. Accordingly, if a massed band is so large that the musicians on its outer edges are as much as 100 feet from the conductor, the sound of the notes they play will reach the conductor nearly one-tenth of a second late. In many kinds of music, a musician who plays his notes a tenth of a second late makes a serious mistake.

That is why the conductors who try the massed band or massed orchestra idea always select for these performances slow and stately pieces of music like "America." In music of this kind, if some of the notes start and stop a few tenths of a second late or early, it makes little difference. For other kinds of music it would make a great difference, which is why these other kinds seldom are attempted.

Military men are familiar with the same kind of thing when soldiers march in a parade. Marchers close to the band can keep step without difficulty with the band's music. A little farther back along the line the soldiers begin to get out of step, not because they are careless, but merely because they are hearing the band's music a fraction of a second later than the marchers further up the column. If there are two bands, one a long distance in front and the other a shorter distance behind, the confusion of trying to keep in step may be even more distressing.

Another remarkable circumstance due to the limited speed of sound happens when someone gives addresses broadcast by radio. Suppose that someone addresses a large audience in some auditorium like New York's Madison Square Garden. People close to the speaker hear his voice almost instantly. The same is true of the radio microphones. Accordingly, since the speed of radio is many thousands of miles a second instead of a few hundred feet, radio listeners in San Francisco actually hear the speaker's words sooner than people who are in the auditorium where the speech is being made, but who happen to be sitting in rear rows at a considerable distance from the speaker.

That is how the science of acoustics sets more or less definite limits to the size of bands or orchestras. The same science also sets a lower limit. If bands or orchestras cannot be too large, it is equally true that they cannot be too small, if there is to be the best musical effect.

Long before modern acoustics was developed, musicians came by experience to the conclusion that it is desirable to have in an orchestra a considerable number of instruments all the same and all playing the same notes at the same time, like the bank of first violins in a symphony orchestra. Recently some of the scientists have worked out why this is true.

It obviously is not because more loudness is needed, since two or three first violins could play almost as loudly as ten or twelve. The real reason is that the additional instruments add what the musician calls richness to the music.

This is because no two of these instruments supposed to be playing the same music emit exactly the same sounds. While musical tones are named in accordance with the fundamental sound produced, all ordinary musical tones also contain other sounds, the so-called overtones or harmonics. In the sound from a violin, for example, analysis by acoustic instruments shows that the number and characters of these overtones vary greatly with the way in which the violin is played, with the nature of the violin itself and so on.

Another item of difference is that no two players ever start and stop the tones they are playing at precisely the same instant. Taking everything together, the instruments of acoustic science show that while the sounds produced from two violins playing the same music are generally alike, they are slightly different in minor characteristics.

Some acoustic experts have imagined that this is a mistake and that effort should be made to devise musical instruments and train musicians so that all can play in precisely the same way. Further study has proved that this is wrong. Instead, the slight variation which exists between the sounds emitted by two musicians playing the same music is precisely what the professional musician likes and what makes the music pleasant, not only to him but to the average human ear.

What is called musical appreciation, like human hearing itself, has been developed by evolution on the basis of what exists. Since musicians playing together always have been unable to produce precisely the same sound at the same instant, human ears have become accustomed to this slight variation; so much so that this now is what every educated music taste requires.

Recently this has been proved all over again by experience with electric music. Using vacuum tubes and similar electric devices, it is possible to produce musical tones which are entirely pure and true, not having any harmonics or other accidental tones of any kind. Musicians who hear these truly pure electric tones instantly condemn them as "thin" and uninteresting. To produce the musical effects which everyone regards as most pleasing, this purity of tone is wrong. A little imperfection, even a little fuzziness and departure from perfect tuning, seems to be the ideal and necessary thing.

Other mysteries which acoustic science helps to explain involve this same matter of tuning. One important item in tuning any musical instrument is temperature. Not only temperature but humidity may affect the tuning of most musical instruments. Things of this kind are why the musicians in any first-class orchestra commonly tune their instruments just before every selection begins; even between the movements of a symphony. People sometimes imagine that this tuning is mere showmanship.

There is, of course, more or less showmanship among professional musicians. There is no reason why musical stars should wear long hair, like patent medicine fakers, and much of the absurd antics of orchestra leaders is hokum. They do not do their acrobatic monkey-shines in the bandroom when nobody is looking.

But the repeated tuning of instruments is not to impress the audience. What really happens is that as a concert begins and goes on, the air in the concert hall usually gets both warmer and moister. This affects the tuning of many of the instruments, so that these must be retuned occasionally if correct effects are to be produced.

Modern acoustic science would make it possible, indeed, to get rid of virtually all the present difficulties and imperfections of music, if only it were possible to afford the necessary expenses and to handle the incidental difficulties which crop up. Even the difficulty with a massed band or orchestra might be avoided by electrical equipment, although this equipment, at least at present, might be impossibly cumbersome and expensive.

What would be necessary is something like an assemblage of large glass bell jars with a musician under each one. A whole auditorium could be filled with these contraptions; a few rows for the violin players, other rows for the cellists, rows of taller bell jars for the players of bass viols, a collection of large ones with plenty of air for the tuba players, and so on. Inside each of these glass cases, together with the musician, would be a radio microphone of perfect quality and character. All these microphones would connect electrically to the same battery of gigantic loud speakers. Each musician, through the walls of his transparent cage, would watch the conductor and play each note in accordance with the conductor's signals.

All the sounds produced would travel exactly the same distance, from the instrument to the microphone also inside the glass case. It would not make the slightest difference how far any one musician was away from the conductor or from other musicians or the audience. The music of all instruments would combine in precisely the proper way, as though the whole massed band could be condensed, like a compressed tablet, inside the single loudspeaker.

When television is developed, it would not even be necessary for the massed orchestra to collect in one place. Each musician could play his own instrument comfortably at home, watching the conductor in the television screen and playing his part of the music into a microphone, which would send the sound over telephone wires to the central mixing station where all the contributions would be put together.

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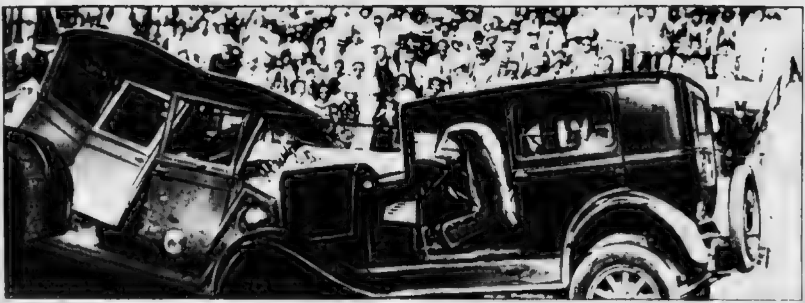
Why the Daredevils Don't Break Their Necks

Tricks of the Stunt Performers Which Enable Them to Do Their Dangerous Feats Without Mishap or Injury

Diving from a Forty Foot Platform Into a Shallow Pool of Water Requires Skill in Horse as Well as Rider. The Illustration Shows Miss Lorena Carver at the Most Hazardous Second, When She Is Liable to Be Thrown Over Her Horse's Head.



When Two Motorists Crash Head On at Forty-five Miles an Hour They Generally Go to the Hospital or the Morgue. The Reason Why Lucky Teter and His Assistant Daredevils Don't Is Because They Vault to the Rear Seats Just Before the Crash.

At a Mile a Minute Lucky Teter Drives His Motorcycle Up a Ramp and Jumps a Truck and Two Motorcycles. In the Air He Must Shift His Weight so the Front Wheel Lands First and the Shock Is Then Absorbed as the Rear Wheel Bounces

A Sixty Mile an Hour Speed Is Necessary to Crash Through a Burning Fence Fast Enough to Escape Burns, and the Motorcycle Must Hit the Fence Exactly Head On to Drive the Blazing Splinters Forward Instead of Through the Rider.

If an Apparatus Is Used Such as Karl and Max Races Rely On as They Swing Through Space by Their Toes, It Must Be Carefully Inspected Every Day

When the Stunt Daredevil Drives the Left Front and Rear Wheels of His Car Up an Eight-Foot Ramp at Sixty Miles an Hour, It Rolls Over Three Times, but He Escapes Injury Because of His Expert Balance, Timing and Ability to Take the "Acrobat Fall" Which Absorbs the Shock

HOW do they do it without getting hurt—the professional stunt daredevils who [illegible] through a pane of glass, make an automobile [illegible] and all the other things that [illegible] hold their breath at the [illegible] fairs and carnivals?

W[illegible] George A. Hamid, a thrill [illegible] explained the reason [illegible] Hamid [illegible] that Hamid is careful to [illegible]

Besides having a great deal of experience [illegible] Hamid used to be a performer [illegible] with death [illegible] professional [illegible] to do a dangerous stunt [illegible] Every [illegible] Many of them are injured because they haven't [illegible] first [illegible] the art of falling and balancing.

Falling is really an art. A performer who has mastered it and has an accident [illegible] manages to fall so that [illegible] even if he does get [illegible]

If the average person fell out of a car [illegible] at forty miles an hour [illegible] badly hurt or [illegible] depending on the way he happened to land. Yet Lucky Teter, a professional daredevil who is very popular at fairs and carnivals, does a "[illegible]" in which he falls off the back of an automobile which is speeding along at seventy miles an hour. The reason why he isn't killed when he does the stunt is because he falls so perfectly.

"The sense of balance and timing is also very important to safeguard daredevils and this is only gained through long practice. It is this sense which tells the performer the exact second at which to jump, swing to safety or duck out of harm's way. If the average motorist had this sense he would be less likely to be injured in an automobile accident.

"Most any motorist striking an obstruction head on while driving at a speed of forty-five [illegible] would be badly hurt unless he was lucky," says Mr. Hamid. [illegible] steering wheels, depending upon their position at the time of the crash.

"Lucky Teter and his assistant crash head on day after day, each driving his car at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The cars they use are not specially strengthened for the stunt, but are just cheap second hand cars which Lucky buys from a local dealer. All he asks is that they can be pepped up to a speed of forty-five miles an hour.

"He and his assistant are not strapped into these cars, nor do they use any special devices. Until a split second before they crash into each other, they might be two ordinary motorists. But it is in that fraction of a second before the crash in which timing and balance are brought into play. When the automobiles [illegible] Lucky and his assistant are not in the dangerous position behind the steering wheels. They have vaulted into the [illegible] seats with their arms braced against the back of the front seat.

"It is also the sense of balance and [illegible] the ability to take falls which [illegible] possible for Lucky to [illegible] other dangerous stunts. One [illegible] in which he runs the front and rear left wheels of his car up an incline. The height of this incline is gradually increased from one to eight feet. He drives one side of his car up its narrow ramp several times at a speed of a mile a minute.

"Each time that he performs the feat, his automobile teeters more until in the final effort, when the incline is raised to eight feet, his car rolls over three times. As that car rolls over and over, his sense of balance and timing and his ability to take falls are put to the test."

Another stunt which is one of Teter's specialties is to run an automobile up a ramp and jump it over a truck or other obstacle. His car leaps a distance of twenty-five feet through the air after its sixty mile an hour take-off and lands on the front wheels which take the first shock, bounces to the rear wheels and then comes down on all four.

Nerve [illegible] necessary that [illegible] to have but Mr. Ha[illegible] that [illegible] is necessary [illegible] the performer also has the [illegible] which go with it.

"For example, look at the 'crash acts' which are becoming more and more popular at fairs and carnivals each year. Many of these seem to call for nothing more than sheer nerve and the ability to ride or drive. One of these stunts is to drive a motorcycle through a sheet of glass, another to drive it through a plank wall or burning fence.

"Simple as the stunt looks it calls for a high degree of skill. The performer's only protection is a football helmet. That and his speed and skill make the difference between disaster and safety," says Mr. Hamid.

"He must hit the plank wall fast enough to make the broken planks fly in the same direction that he is traveling. The same is true of a sheet of glass. This much a skilful amateur motorcyclist might do, but there is more to it than that. The professional performer knows the exact spot at which to hit the wall or glass to be safe, and when he does hit it he does so precisely head on. The slightest indecision, the tiniest angle would cause serious injuries."

Daredevils who perform their stunts with the aid of mechanical devices take every possible precaution. They buy the finest material and inspect their equipment frequently. If they don't, those under Mr. Hamid's management are [illegible]. In spite of this [illegible] there is one unseen danger which [illegible] constantly fear but [illegible] guard against—an invisible flaw in a steel ring [illegible] which may give way while they are performing and cause them to plunge to the ground.

It is such hazards and not the possible errors of the performers themselves which cause the most fatalities, according to Mr. Hamid, who points out that one of the most noted aerialists, [illegible] Leitzel, met her death because a steel ring parted.

The memory of Miss Leitzel's fatal accident and the possibility of some [illegible] flaw in the mechanical equipment used by a daredevil is constantly in Mr. Hamid's mind, and at present, while personally supervising the rehearsals of thrill acts for the Trenton, New Jersey, Fair which will be held in the early fall, he inspects every nut and bolt in the apparatus used.

When a daredevil feels that his own human apparatus is not in perfect condition, he does not perform until it is, Mr. Hamid reveals, explaining that this condition is called "the hump," short for a lump in the throat. Then the performer will make excuses and say that the day is too windy and the apparatus is not rigged just right or is too shaky. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, but Mr. Hamid points out that such temperament is justified. The daredevil may be gambling with his life and he has the right to decide when and where to do it.

Performing animals used in thrill acts also show temperament at times, especially horses which are used in [illegible]

[illegible] diff[illegible] with exa[illegible] Phys[illegible] Miss [illegible] At first [illegible]

[illegible] for Miss Carver [illegible] the first time [illegible] their backs. Long before they are ready for their performing high dives from a forty foot platform they have [illegible] the water.

"There is a [illegible] when horse and rider are [illegible] danger of sliding off [illegible] the plane [illegible] I fell [illegible] and broke [illegible] twenty [illegible] and [illegible] sewed up than I can remember."

In spite of [illegible] occasional dislocations [illegible] however, Mr. Hamid [illegible] fatalities among [illegible] devils who have [illegible] taking falls, balancing and timing have been few. In the United States only one daredevil was killed between 1921 and 1934 while actually going through his stunt. From 1934 until the present, with many more daredevils engaged in the business of supplying thrills, seven were killed.

"When you consider what they go through and the small number of fatalities in this dangerous business, the large number of accidental deaths which come to the average people on the highways and in the homes seem needless," says Mr. Hamid. "A person may not want to join the ranks of professional daredevils but he certainly may take a lesson from them in carefulness."

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"EASIEST CAR TO DRIVE I'VE EVER OWNED!"

[illegible]

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The Die-Hard

by Seward Trent

Amusing Complications In a Young Men's Social Club Because of a Girl. Complete In This Issue.

"HE'S [illegible] that [illegible] George Cunningham, Supreme Dazzling Doo-Dag of the Society of D.D.'s, "but he [illegible] know what [illegible]."

He [illegible] as he [illegible] Will Hopkins, who was [illegible] Doo-Dag.

"Sure," said George, "[illegible] there some way he can stop paying dues."

"How [illegible] the group. He's a charter [illegible] throw him out."

"Well, have [illegible] some way."

Every member [illegible] at the special [illegible] D.D.'s. The exception was Floyd Byrum, who [illegible] meeting. The secretary [illegible] had carefully [illegible].

There had been [illegible] sharpshooting [illegible] call a meeting [illegible]. The Supreme Dazzling Doo-Dag [illegible] expressed the [illegible] this really classy [illegible] its [illegible] as a social [illegible]. Upon the [illegible] shoulders of the D.D.'s rested the responsibility of [illegible] sort of aristocracy among the younger set. The eldest member was George Cunningham, who was eighteen; the ages [illegible] ranged from sixteen and a quarter to seventeen and three quarters.

Something [illegible]. The Supreme Dazzling Doo-Dag had [illegible] the [illegible]. The something had to be [illegible] Floyd Byrum.

Floyd was [illegible] the D.D.'s [illegible] may have [illegible]. But the [illegible] majority [illegible] on by George [illegible] had waked up [illegible] that Floyd Byrum [illegible].

How it was possible that [illegible] had gone [illegible] for five years no one [illegible] Floyd had [illegible] gone on being a [illegible] that [illegible] speaking, for his father [illegible] fancy groceries and had won the right to be referred to [illegible] daily journals as Mr. Charles Byrum, [illegible] a prominent business man. Byrum's was a [illegible] in the realm of exotic digestibles. The Byrum establishment [illegible] a three-story building at the [illegible] West [illegible] Street and [illegible] Avenue, and Mr. Byrum was a [illegible] of the First National Bank and a [illegible] the reverse.

But Mr. Byrum [illegible] butcher, and [illegible] the D.D.'s [illegible] somewhat [illegible] his [illegible] with Floyd.

"Of [illegible] Mr. Byrum [illegible] a very [illegible]," Will Hopkins, as he [illegible] away from the [illegible] with Cunningham.

"Oh, I suppose [illegible]" begrudged George. There was another and more personal reason than chops and cutlets [illegible] disparagement and he concealed [illegible] well. "[illegible] having Floyd in the club [illegible] it wasn't for the fact that he sort of [illegible] his membership."

"How you mean [illegible]?"

"I mean he takes advantage of [illegible] be a member to go with girls that are really [illegible] above his station in life."

"Like Juliet Borden, for instance," said Will with a nudge.

Cunningham [illegible]. "Well, you needn't insinuate that there's anything personal on my part."

"Oh, no. I was just thinking maybe you're afraid Floyd might beat your time out at Glen Iris."

"Maybe Airedales [illegible] fly [illegible]."

"Juliet is a democratic sort of girl, though," said Will slyly. "She speaks to me all the time when I see her on the street."

"Well, it's more than other girls will do," retorted George. "If Floyd Byrum keeps on in the club Mabel Collins herself said she wasn't coming to any more of our dances if Floyd was a member."

"Aw, she didn't!"

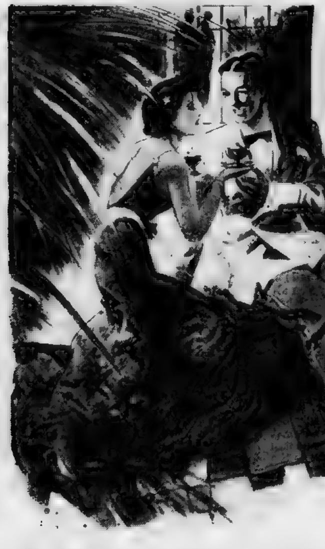
"She did—ask her. That's what your girl thinks of it. You can call it snobbish if you want to—"

"Mabel's not snobbish," defended Will.

"Well, think it over and [illegible] yourself."

* * *

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM was the only boy in town who owned an eight-cylinder K[illegible] in his own right. His father was a corporation lawyer who had taken a great deal of money away from corporations, and George was undisputedly the social leader of the able-bodied males of dancing age. And perhaps that was why Mabel Collins and not a few other girls had agreed with him that a butcher's son was hardly—well, you know.



Juliet Was Exquisitely Radiant Over the Success of Her Party. "It's gigantic, Floyd," she bubbled; "and you did it, every bit."

But there were certain members of the D.D.'s who recalled with a pang of something like compunction the early short pants days of the D.D.'s, and particularly the circumstances of the society's christening. There had been long discussion over the selection of a snappy name for the club and scores of suggestions had been cast out, including Jolly Rovers, Midnight Mysteries, Young Bohemians, Katerwauling Kitties, Sons of Apollo and The Forty Frisky Fellows. The members had reached an impasse of despair when the genius of Floyd Byrum asserted itself. It was Floyd who hit upon the name D.D.'s. When someone asked him what D.D. stood for he grinned and replied that that was just it—it wouldn't stand for anything, and when anybody tried to guess what it meant the members of the club would just smile. In fact they would have the laugh on everybody who tried to solve the mystery.

The name was adopted with enthusiasm and for five years the D.D.'s had had the laugh on people who guessed Dirty Devils, Demoniacal Dozen, Dizzy Ducks, Dashing Dandies, Diddy Dumplings—this with a smear of [illegible]—and other alliterative possibilities. The D.D.'s, as a secret, social, fraternal and literary organization, was destined for success from the very start because of its [illegible]. Young citizens fought to get in it and were [illegible] and future debutantes [illegible] its invitations as tantamount to social triumph in the years to come.

Of [illegible] the D.D.'s had dropped all pretentions to fra[illegible] letters and had become overmasteringly social. [illegible] started having annual dances two years before [illegible] proposed to have them quarterly, and [illegible] to have at least one of them formal. That [illegible] the [illegible] Christmas week. More than one boy had already [illegible] his first Tuxedo in preparation for that event. Will Hopkins had all of his except the studs, and [illegible] misgivings that something might happen to the Christmas dance if they "started anything" relative to Floyd Byrum. But Mabel Collins said she really said what George Cunningham said she said, and that settled it with Will. Floyd Byrum's last potential champion went over to [illegible].

It [illegible] that Floyd had taken advantage of his [illegible] D.D. to curry the favor of Miss Juliet Borden [illegible] had visibly demonstrated its usefulness. For [illegible] the [illegible] apple of many an adoring eye and [illegible] queen for miles and miles around. The [illegible] truthfully referred to her as "Miss Juliet [illegible] Borden, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Effingham Borden of Glen Iris." The average [illegible] night [illegible] was ugly as an owl, but Juliet was a distracting exception to that rule. She just made you want to go off in secret with a pencil and try to find words that rhymed with "moon" and "adore." She wore a wind-blown haircut, and if a vagrant strand ever caressed [illegible] knew exactly how Romeo felt. Mighty few fellows, though, ever got close enough for that delicious [illegible].

* * *

GLEN IRIS was an extensive and beautifully barbered park several acres in extent, which was exclusively peopled by Mr. and Mrs. Borden and their charming daughter Juliet. Geographically it was a part of the city, but everybody referred to the Bordens as being of Glen Iris.

Juliet's father made all the bolts and nuts that several trans-continental railroads could use, and had prospered so greatly that he was gradually receding from view as a prominent manufacturer and was beginning to loom predominantly as a patron of art and letters. His Glen Iris mansion was the only residence in the State which contained an art gallery. He was the richest man in the Rotary Club, and his daughter Juliet, it was woefully expected by the youth of the city, would some day marry a Count and settle down as the leading lady of some European principality where everybody wore uniforms even when they went out to the front porch in the morning to get the milk bottles and the morning paper.

Juliet was expected to make her debut next year, but rumor had it that Mr. Borden was opposed to such formal posings on the carpet, for his daughter was one girl who didn't have to be displayed.

"Mother says the thing to do is to come out and not call it that," Juliet confided to Floyd Byrum. "I want to give some kind of a party. Couldn't I give one in honor of the D.D.'s?"

"In honor of the D.D.'s!" exclaimed the startled Floyd. "Would that be proper?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"[illegible] give parties in honor of boys' societies?"

"This [illegible]," asserted Juliet, who [illegible] anything and knew it. "You can have your formal Christmas [illegible] at my house."

"I'd have to find out," said Floyd [illegible]. "Of course everything about the D.D.'s, including its members, is [illegible] the utmost secrecy. That's in the constitution and by-laws."

"You can pass new by-laws, can't you?"

"It takes unanimous consent to do anything," explained Floyd, a bit shocked. "If just one member objected the club wouldn't [illegible]."

"But you could make the club do anything," purred Juliet. And when she [illegible] her head at you and smiled—oh, [illegible]!

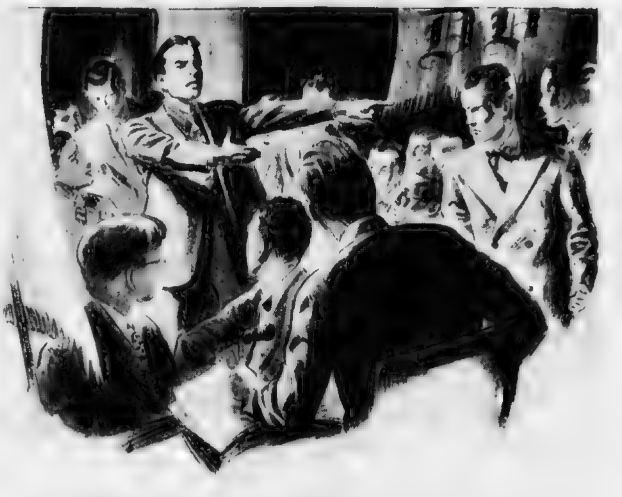
Floyd sought to sound out various members informally, but the task was [illegible] more delicate than he had anticipated. He had looked for trouble from George Cunningham, for the Supreme Dazzling Doo-Dag had [illegible] been over friendly. He certainly would not regard with pleasure a plan which his rival had helped Juliet Borden to originate. And it was George, though Floyd didn't know it, who had called the secret caucus to do something about the situation, the situation being the spare-ribs and liver splotch on the Byrum family escutcheon.

A very definite intimation that all was not harmony came to Floyd in the form of a committee, not functioning as such but apparently made up of three disgruntled boys acting on their own, who waylaid Floyd a block from his father's store. One of them was Will Hopkins.

"Floyd," said Will, "I suppose you knew there was a sort of insurrection popping up in the D.D.'s?"

"Insur—what?"

"Insurrection. There's some of the boys who [illegible] the way George [illegible] has been [illegible] as Supreme Dazzling Doo-Dag [illegible]."



"I just want to say that as the sole surviving member of the Society of D.D.'s I accept all your resignations."

"But I [illegible]," Floyd. "Besides he was elected [illegible] wasn't he?"

"Sure, if you want to take the majority's word for everything, [illegible] another spokesman. But us fellows that have got ideas aren't always let the common herd run over us."

"I don't understand all I know about this," observed Floyd. "As far as I'm concerned George is as good a Doo-Dag as we could have."

"He's sort of crazy about Juliet Borden," [illegible] Will.

"Well, what's that got to do with it? What do you have to bring that lady's name [illegible]?"

"Oh, nothing personal," Will assured [illegible]. "I just mean he's got girls on the brain and can't get his mind on the things a Doo-Dag has to [illegible]."

"Well, what are you fellows scheming?" [illegible] Floyd.

Will shrugged his shoulders provocatively. "I don't suppose it will interest you."

"I didn't say I didn't want to know what it was, did I?"

"We just thought," continued Will hesitantly, "that this town was big enough for two clubs like the D.D.'s, and we thought maybe you'd be willing to accept the presidency if—"

"Nothing doing!" snapped Floyd. "If you're trying to get me to be a traitor you're barking up the wrong tree [illegible] more."

"Traitor [illegible] thing," [illegible] Will indignantly. "There's nothing [illegible] about starting [illegible] there."

"I helped organize the D.D.'s," said Floyd with convincing finality, "and I stick. That's the kind of a guy I am."

There was simply no further room for argument, and the committee of trouble makers desisted. A [illegible] alternative would have been to tell Floyd the society didn't want him, but they were sworn to secrecy on the subject of the meeting. Their Machiavellian plan had called for a voluntary resignation on Floyd's part, with the presidency of another club as bait, but Floyd's unexpected loyalty to the D.D.'s quite crushed this naive plan.

The ensuing week offered Floyd little hope in the matter of Juliet's proposal that the Christmas dance be abandoned in favor of a party at her house. The suggestion would have been received with respect and even awe had Floyd found a chance to present it, but his fellow members were suspiciously evasive and unwilling to discuss anything. Floyd sensed an undertow of trouble and did not persist.

"I really haven't had a chance to take it up with the right officers," he reported rather lamely to Juliet.

"Well, I've got to know," exclaimed Juliet indignantly. "There's barely time to get out the invitations now."

"The fellows are so busy, you see."

"I don't believe you've asked them at all."

"I have too."

"Well, who's the president? I'll ask him myself."

Floyd shook his head in grave perturbation. "That's a secret and I'd have to violate my oath to tell."

"I'll ask George Cunningham then. He won't be so prissy about telling me."

"He couldn't tell you either," said Floyd, bitterly troubled. "He's sworn to secrecy too. If any member ever breathed a word about one of the society's secrets he'd get thrown out on his ear."

"Well, I don't believe they want to come out to my house!"

"Aw, now, don't feel that way about it, Juliet. I tell you they just haven't had a chance to vote on it."

"I'll never come to one of their old dances again!"

"Now don't talk that way, Juliet. I'll take it up right away. But don't you feel hurt about it if [illegible] anything happens."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it'll have to be by secret ballot, unanimously. And if just one bolshevik in the D.D.'s wants to be nasty he can vote it down."

"But they'll do anything you ask them," said Juliet. And her smile made something jump within him.

The membership of the D.D.'s was very small and very select. There were not more than thirty in the club and not more than thirty male guests were permitted at the dances. And twenty-eight of the thirty members, personally canvassed by George Cunningham, had admitted the conviction that Floyd Byrum really did not come from one of the really best families. A baffling air of hostility discouraged all Floyd's overtures on the subject of the dance and he decided there was but one course left to him—he must ask George Cunningham to put the proposal to the club.

He found George very suave and polite, too much so.

"I've got something that's very important that ought to be laid before the club without delay," Floyd told him.

"Why, that's very interesting, Floyd, but—"

"But what?"

"I have called a special meeting for Thursday night, and [illegible] anything [illegible] important [illegible]. It's a question of [illegible] have to vote by [illegible]."

"[illegible] I got [illegible]."

"[illegible] Mr. Byrum [illegible] Floyd [illegible]."

* * *

IT WAS [illegible] meeting, Thursday night [illegible] Floyd [illegible] as he [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] when he heard the [illegible] of the special business. Yielding the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] Doo-Dag, George [illegible] his [illegible] the affairs of the [illegible] that a [illegible] members had proposed that [illegible] be [illegible].

"[illegible]," [illegible] Floyd. "Let's [illegible]."

"I [illegible]," [illegible] the speaker with [illegible] toward Floyd, "that it is for the members themselves to [illegible] whether or not the club has outlived its usefulness. I have asked Mr. Hopkins to take the chair in order that I personally may make this motion. I move [illegible] that the Society of D.D.'s, by [illegible] vote of its members [illegible] hereby [illegible] disorganize and [illegible]."

Floyd was on his feet in an instant. "I rise to a point of personal order, Mr. Chairman."

"Personal privilege," corrected the Chair.

"I don't care what you call it," retorted Floyd, "but this thing has got to lay over two weeks."

"Under the rules," [illegible] the chairman, "this motion must lie over for two weeks before consideration unless there is unanimous consent for suspension of the rules."

"I move that the rules be suspended by unanimous consent," called out George Cunningham.

"I object," snapped Floyd.

"Out of order," ruled the chairman. "The motion has not yet been put before the house. Is there a second?"

There were fourteen seconds, and Floyd looked around in bewilderment. "What is this—a steam-roller procession?" he demanded.

"Of course, if Mr. Byrum wants to stand in the way of all the other members," sneered Cunningham, "we can wait."

"Far be it from such," said Floyd defiantly. "Vote, turn it."

The rules having been [illegible] suspended [illegible] the Society of D.D.'s proceeded to vote on the motion [illegible]. Floyd was the only member who voted No.

"The motion is defeated by one vote," announced the chairman.

[illegible] the floor. [illegible] with his [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Everybody [illegible] but Floyd Byrum."

"Mr. [illegible]," said the chairman, "will you please take the chair while I resign."

Floyd Byrum was mad. His blue eyes, usually mild, had a [illegible] glint in them when he got that way.

"Mr. Chairman Pro Temporary," said Floyd, "I rise to a point of orderly privilege, or whatever your little book says. I'm almost on the point of getting sore."

"Mr. Byrum," recognized the chairman.

"I just want to say that as the sole surviving member of the Society of D.D.'s I accept all your resignations. And I hereby call a special membership meeting of the club for

(Continued on Page 18)

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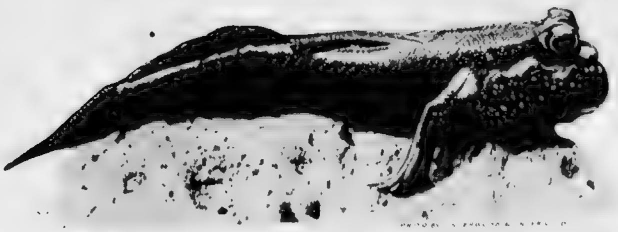
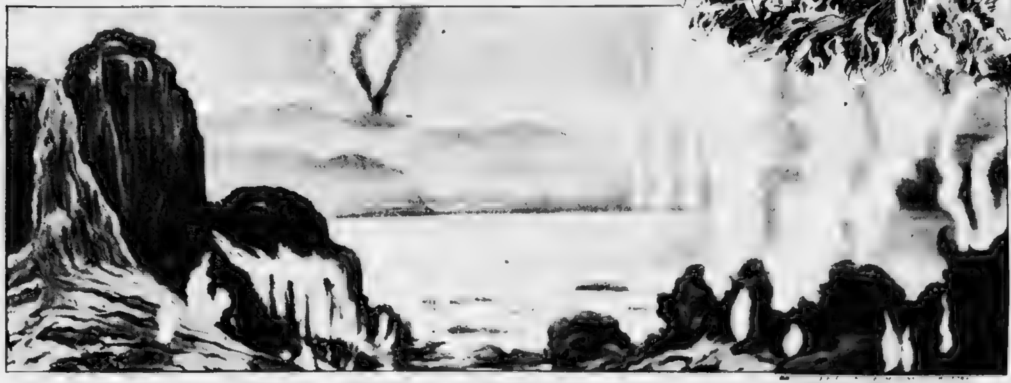
The End of the Worl



The Curious "Mud Skipper," a Fish That Can Walk About on Land With the Aid of Its Paw-like Breast Fins. The Prehistoric Ancestors of the Related Fish Called Lungfish, Became the First Backboned Animals to Make Their Homes on Land and From Them Finally Developed All the Mammals Including Mankind.



How the Surface of the Earth Looked More Than 1,000,000,000 Years Ago, Before Any Sort of Life Existed on It. Everything Was Hot, Steaming and Sterile, and Even the Lowest Forms of Life Had Not Yet Developed. (From a Painting by Charles R. Knight, Copyright by Field Museum of Chicago).

Science Expects the Sun to Ex
With a Blast of Heat Tha
Animal and Plant on th
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[illegible]

SOME day any day, scientists agree that all life on the surface of the earth may be destroyed. Of the many things which may cause this disaster the most probable is an explosion in the sun which will send out such a withering blast of heat that every animal, every tree, bush and spear of grass will be burned to ashes and the surface of the oceans will become boiling water.

Astronomers in recent years have watched various heavenly bodies burst into a blaze and it is their belief that almost every star goes through explosions of this kind two or three times, or perhaps oftener, during the average star lifetime of several billion years. It is highly likely that our own sun has had one or more such explosions in the past and it is predicted that it will burst forth with another such explosion sometime in the future. When the explosion comes it will come suddenly [illegible] it will burn all mankind to dust and cinders together with all the plants and animals that are alive on the surface of the land.

But that cataclysm will not be the end of things. The sun will be damaged scarcely at all, as shown by studies of other stars that have exploded. It will remain hot and feverish for a few years but will soon sink back to a condition much like what existed before the explosion. What happens is that a small part of the outer gaseous coat blows off with a great burst of light, heat rays and X-rays and afterwards things go on much as before.

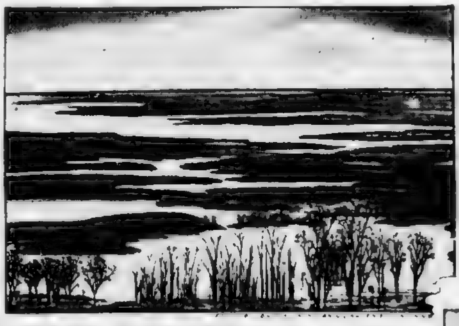
But if the sun is not greatly changed by the explosion our earth certainly will be. All the snow and ice on the globe will be melted, even the vast ice-caps of the North and South Pole. Some of the water of the oceans will be boiled away and perhaps lost from the earth forever, because steam leaks out into space. But most of this boiled water will fall again as rain as soon as the first heat of the sun's explosion is over. The water from the melted polar ice will raise the height of the oceans and many cities along the sea coasts will be submerged, the wharves will be under water and the ocean will flood low-lying lands all over the world.

But the chief difference in the earth after the sun's explosion is likely to be that the surface will be lifeless—sterilized as completely as the surgeon's instruments are after he heats them in boiling water or in a flame. And then will begin the second great drama of evolution on the globe, the re-peopling of the Continents with life from the sea.

Our earth has been through this experience once. Long ago in earth history the Continents were equally bare of life, before any of the lowly living creatures that originated in the sea had learned to come ashore and live on land. After the great fire caused by the sun's explosion in the future the sea life of the earth that survives deep down in the ocean will take up this task all over again, but possibly in very different ways from those in which the Continents were peopled first.

The birds and the beasts, and man himself of the next evolution might well be unrecognizable to those who know life as it exists on the earth today. There is no reason to suppose that mankind of the next evolution will walk on two legs and have arms, hands and fingers—the most intelligent development of the new creation may, indeed, be a worm with a hundred legs but no arms, and a head containing a brain equal to Professor Einstein's, as will be explained later on.

That sea life easily could repeat its accomplishment of millions of years ago and actually re-people a fire-scarred and sterilized land rests on more than mere theory. Some time ago scientists at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, California, managed in a few weeks to convert a sea creature into a land creature, in the per-



Some of the Early Land Plants Which Migrated Out of the Ocean and Established Themselves in Pools Along the Shore. (From the Brooklyn Botanic Garden Record).

son of [illegible]

The [illegible] scientists [illegible] which [illegible] the [illegible] every [illegible] of the [illegible] of this [illegible] the compound [illegible] form of nitrogen gas.

When these ocean nitrogen [illegible] were discovered [illegible] anywhere else. [illegible] bacteria [illegible] Yet the scientists felt that something [illegible] of these same [illegible] on land. [illegible] train the [illegible] One by [illegible] generation [illegible] the bacteria were provided with food and [illegible] water [illegible] less salty. Presently the scientists had their ocean bacteria trained to live in water that was altogether fresh. Within a few months man had converted an ocean creature into a land creature, which is all that Nature will have to do when the sun does blow up and life on the land surface of the earth is killed.

The second evolution of land life on our earth will be very different from the first one as already said. For one thing, it is likely to be much faster. From measurements of the earth's age made on the basis of radium minerals in the rocks experts compute that it is at least a billion and a half years since life first began in the earth's primitive oceans. It apparently took about a billion years for this first earthly life to develop far enough so that any of its higher representatives could come ashore. The evidence is that the first land life, either of plants or animals, cannot have begun much more than five hundred million years ago, although it is possible that some of the ancient bacteria may have learned to live in fresh water if not actually on land a few hundred million years earlier.

If the reservoir of life in the ocean now were given the job of re-peopling the land there would be no billion-year wait for forms of life to be developed in the ocean getting ready for the landward excursion. Neither would it be likely that the new land life would need another half billion years to develop into intelligent creatures like man. Evolution already has a good start and not all of this would be destroyed even if the earth's land surfaces became lifeless—provided other things that [illegible]

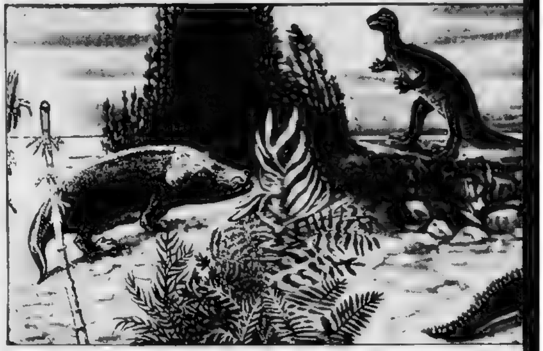
One difference between the [illegible] hundred million years ago probably would be that the first landward migrants scarcely could be plants, as they were the first time. In ancient rocks in Scotland geologists have found curious fossils believed to represent some of the first plants. They must have looked like seaweeds growing on short, feeble stems and with small bulb-like roots like hairless onions. Plants had not learned in those ancient days to have roots at all, these being luxuries that seaweeds, which get their food from the surrounding water, never need and never have.

Nowadays, the first plants to come ashore after a world catastrophe by fire would be creatures of a very different kind. Probably no ordinary seaweed would take part in the excursion, since almost all these weeds live close to the ocean's surface and would be killed off when the heat of the sun's explosion boiled these surface waters, probably just as effectively as the direct sun heat would sterilize the land. Only in the greater depths of the ocean, where the boiling water from the surface could not penetrate and where the sun's more powerful rays themselves could not reach would there be left alive the bacteria or other sea creatures whose task it would be to start evolution over again.

The same death as the seaweeds' will come to the most numerous of all plants in the sea, the uncountable billions of tiny microscopic ones that float in the layers of water a few fathoms down from the surface and form the food for all kinds of fish and other sea creatures. Just as all land animals, including man, must live directly or indirectly on food manufactured by green plants out of sunlight, so the myriads of tiny plants floating in the upper levels of the sea provide a thin but nutritious soup from which fish and other ocean creatures get their livings. Even those curious long-legged crabs and gigantic shrimps and other strange sea animals a few of which scientists have dredged up from miles down in the ocean's depths, must get their livings from food that sifts down to them from the [illegible] where the tiny green plants live within reach of sunlight.

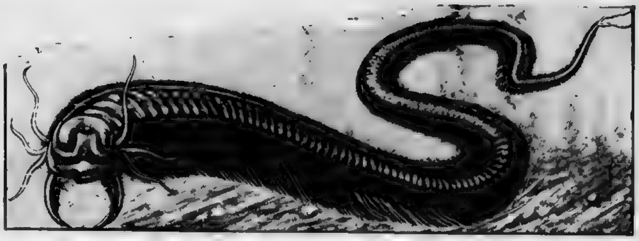
The earth's blast of fire would cook these surface plants just as it would the seaweeds, though a few might be left alive in deeper ocean levels, especially a few representatives of kinds of one-celled plants that travel down to deep levels on the bodies of higher creatures. There are some kinds of sea plant that live on the backs of crabs, and some crabs can go down to considerable depths. Other kinds of plants live on the skins of whales. One of them that happens to be yellowish sometimes makes whales in the Antarctic look as though they had been dusted with a yellowish face powder. Whales are able to go down to great depths in the sea and to do so quickly.

When the sun blows up some of these great animals may be caught and killed by the surface heat but the majority undoubtedly will flee rapidly

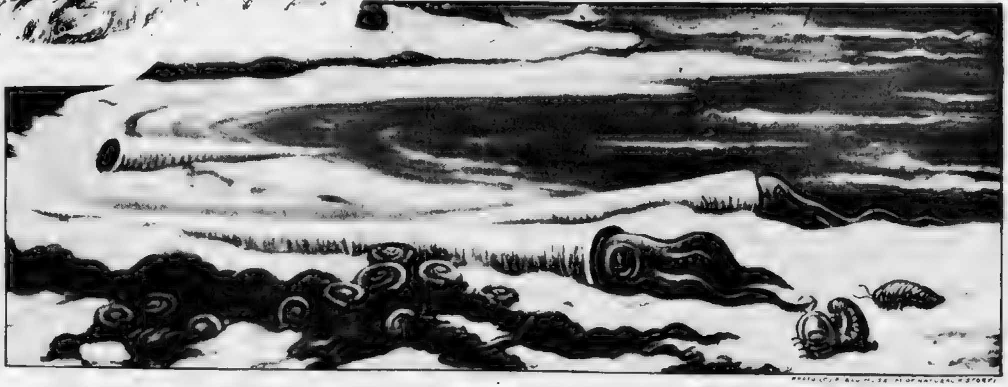


Huge Lizard-like Animals and Amphibians, Great Turtles and Weird Trees and Flow

d—And Then What?

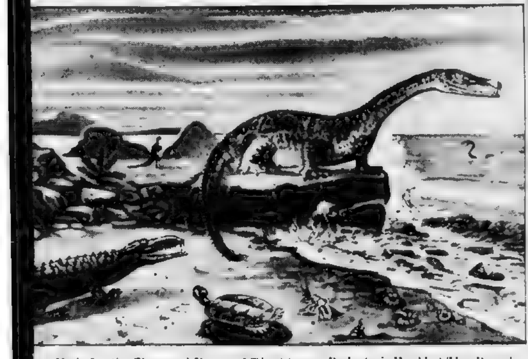


One of the Great Variety of Sea Worms Which Might Survive the Great Cataclysm Which Would Burn and Sterilize the Land and Boil the Surface Waters of the Ocean. In the Next Evolution It Might Be a Sea-Worm With a Hundred Legs Which Would Develop Into Intelligent Creatures. Man Has Two Legs and Two Arms and Stands Erect, but This Is an Accident of Evolution—the "Man" of a Future Evolution Might Be a Highly Intelligent Worm.



Scene on the Seashore in the Ordovician Period, About 400,000,000 Years Ago, When the Largest Known Animal Was the Orthoceras, a Mollusk Whose Shell Sometimes Reached a Length of Fifteen Feet. In the Painting Are Also Shown Trilobites, Which Were Distantly Related to the Crab Family of Today. At This Period All Life Was in the Sea. (From a Painting by Charles R. Knight, Copyright by Field Museum of Chicago).

xplode (Perhaps Any Moment) t Will Burn Every Living he Surface of the Earth; of Life Will Crawl Out s and Start the Slow on All Over Again



ers Made Up the Flora and Fauna of This Strange Prehistoric World at This Period.

[illegible] and thus escape the worst fury [illegible] If the surface heat does not last too [illegible] to come up and catch a breath, or [illegible] that happen to be in the Arctic or Ant- [illegible] able to stay close to the surface as a [illegible] cooling power of melting ice whales [illegible] the biggest creatures alive before the [illegible] after it for whales are high- [illegible] animals of the same group as [illegible]

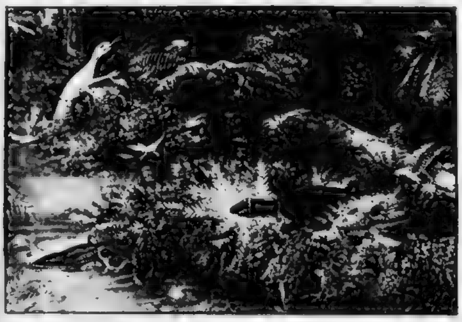
[illegible] civilization of [illegible] to re-people the land or even that [illegible] whales would live long after the fiery blast [illegible] for the simple reason that there would be too little for them to eat. Some of the small [illegible] of the ocean might be saved by [illegible] as submarines [illegible] needs tons of these tiny plants or of smaller animals that feed on these plants for each day's food supply. Very little of this food would be available. All whales that survived the first catastrophe certainly would [illegible] together with most of the fish and probably all of the seals or walruses or other sea animals which might win a few hours' or days' respite by deep diving.

Nor will there be much hope of re-peopling the land by the second group of creatures that came ashore the first time, a group believed to be represented by the present-day scorpions. There still l[illegible] along the sea shore animals called king crabs [illegible] like [illegible] scorpions [illegible] ways [illegible] in [illegible] of [illegible] animals [illegible] group [illegible] crabs [illegible] shore some of these [illegible] scorpions also learned to stay out in the air for brief intervals amid the food supplies provided by the new land plants and finally to spend all their time ashore. Modern scorpions and some other creatures still have ways of breathing air which imply that they made over for aerial use in those ancient days the machinery that their ocean relatives still use today to breathe the air dissolved in sea water.

About this same time other sea animals probably of the shrimp family are believed to have learned both to breathe air and to fly and to have given rise to the first insects. Two kinds of insects which now are among the most annoying to man, the termite and the cockroach, are close and little-modified relatives of these first insect-shrimps that were among the early land invaders.

There is little chance, however, that the earth's land life after the catastrophe will be based on scorpions, cockroaches or termites. Possibly a few of the present termites might survive the fire, hidden in the deepest of the tunnels that they bore into the ground, but even if they do and come out a few months later onto the surface of the fire-blasted planet they will find nothing to eat. Termites eat wood and all the wood will have been burned up. They cannot eat ashes.

In the surface layers of the ocean, where the close relatives of insects and scorpions still live, all these will have been killed and cooked, together with all the surface seaweeds and fish. Years ago scientists dredging deep in the Mediterranean Sea brought up a specimen of a gigantic shrimp that apparently spends its life far down below the surface, plenty deep enough to escape the effects of the fire. But this six-foot monster is not even closely related to the first animals that came ashore and made the insects, nor would there be plant food left to feed these monstrous creatures much longer than the seals and whales.



Gradually, as the Waters of the Ocean and the Surface of the Land Cooled, Vegetation Became Rich and Crowded and in Great Variety. This Is a Reconstruction of a Swamp in Prehistoric Times When the Waters Were Warm and the Air Was Thick with Warm Vapors. The Cold-Blooded Animals Needed No Warm Blood to Make Them Comfortable.

Last of all the great movements of life shoreward the first time that this happened was the one that developed into the higher animals, including man. Scientists believe that this evolution was led by the so-called lungfish, a few of which are still alive in Africa and South America. These are fish able to breathe water as ordinary fish do but also provided with some poor and inefficient kinds of lungs, into which the fish can gulp air when the surrounding water dries up or when this water becomes too foul to breathe. The air-breathing habit of all the higher animals is believed to have originated some 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 years ago in this same practice of air gulping by these primitive lungfish.

Least of all the present creatures in the sea would these surviving lungfish be likely to repeat the adventure of their ancestors and re-people the land if fire now wiped it clean. One difficulty would be food. The primitive lungfish probably ate either plants or insects and came ashore only after land plants were well established and land insects such as the primitive cockroaches and termites also were plentiful. Another reason is that modern lungfish seem to be degenerate and unprogressive creatures, while their ancient ancestors which developed into amphibians, reptiles and all higher animals, must have been among the most active and progressive animal families of their time. If any modern lungfish happen to survive a world catastrophe by fire, which they probably will not, these survivors may be expected to die promptly and be of no further use to evolution.

It is probable, in fact, that animal conquest of the land will begin much more quickly and auspiciously than it will turn out to be a few weeks later. As soon as the surface water of the ocean cools off any crabs and shellfish which happen to survive will begin to creep out on shore as they do now. Finding no enemies to hinder them, the crabs at least may migrate a few miles from the water line. They will return or die. Not only will there be no enemies, but there will be no food. Carrion eaters may live a short time on the carcasses of any large animals not entirely consumed by the fire or on stores of partly burnt foodstuffs accumulated by man and also not utterly destroyed. But these things could not last long.

Even if the bath of fire fails to kill instantly all land creatures, the survivors may be expected to die promptly from lack of food and by fighting among themselves. A new conquest of the land by life will have to begin all over again on a sound basis, starting with the only creatures able to support themselves without help, the plants.

Thousands of years will be needed, possibly millions. But bit by bit the tiny one-celled plants surviving deep in the ocean will have to organize themselves into larger units, learn to live like present seaweeds clinging to the ocean bottom, finally begin slowly to creep out on the lifeless shores just as their relatives did millions of years ago. Only the still simpler one-celled creatures such as the bacteria and the marine protozoa like amebas can be expected to invade the land before these plants slowly get their foothold.

If the recent experiment in California is any indication, these ocean bacteria might begin their landward movement within a few weeks after the surface ocean had cooled, but most biologists do not regard the bacteria as anything like the first living creatures on earth or in the ocean nor as likely to be the spear head of another land invasion by ocean life. They might live ashore and might prepare the soils there for the plants to come later, but real land life could not begin again until there were enough plants to provide the animals with food.

If it were not for one thing these sea bacteria, swarming first out onto the shore, might dominate the land forever, creating a new world the continents of which bore nothing but a sickly slime while the oceans were a kind of bacterial soup. This one thing is that almost none of these bacteria can feed themselves. All must live either on animals or on plants just as the higher animals do. So any bacterial invasion of the lifeless continents cannot last long unless plants help the bacteria to keep alive. If the plants do help it may be expected that higher forms of sea life presently will come out too and rule instead of the bacteria, precisely as happened five hundred million years ago.

Lowly one-celled animals like present ditch-water amebas also will be sure to survive in the sea and also will be able to come ashore as soon as the surface waters are cool enough, for many of these animals resemble the California bacteria in being able to learn to live either in fresh water or in salt. But once more nothing can be accomplished by these creatures until after their plant companions are prepared to begin the landward conquest, for the amebas and their relatives must live on plant products like all the rest.

So the first step in Nature's re-peopling of the land may be almost the same as the first step taken five hundred million years ago. It may be the slow landward advance of a hesitant army of former seaweeds slowly learning how to stand up in the air and live on land. The next steps, especially the steps that will lead upward to another

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Hoodwink House by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Front Page)

next year's Beauty Contest will be made public in due course."

"How funny!" Loveday said to herself as she stepped out into the smoky sunlight of Wardour Street where on the fringes of London's filmland and theatreland, Mr Tiffany had set up his office. And then "How rather horrible!"

That was the Puritan in her. It pushed out a poke-bonneted head in which nestled the real face of Loveday Brant a little frightened. Now that she was in the fresh air with the last check she would earn as a professional beauty in her handbag she felt distinctly shaky.

It was funny. Once in the street, Loveday turned into the low doorway of the Five Peacocks tearoom at the corner of Soho Square, and sat at one of the little blue-lacquered tables with a cigarette and coffee. She felt as if some magic carpet had whisked her up into the air and then spilled her disgustedly, and with a [redacted]

It was not three months since the last Beauty Contest had [illegible] her, blinking into the limelight. She had been working [illegible] at her typewriter in the office of a theatrical [illegible] when [illegible] beauty for profit [illegible] and [illegible] car [illegible] white hotel. [illegible] girls blonde [illegible] were [illegible] nervously before a camera. Out of the [illegible] that [illegible] the divining-wand [illegible] Tiffany had pointed to [illegible] brought them up.

"Show your knees. Nice [illegible] smile, you know. Sit [illegible] were watching your best young man come into the room."

Loveday seemed to hear Mr Tiffany like a very solemn parrot, repeating a formula of the ages, yet.

The third prize had fallen upon her puzzled head and forthwith Mr Tiffany had become her shadow.

Many a band had stopped dramatically at her entrance and given place to the flutter of polite applause (started by Tig Tiffany's carefully-planted friends). The night clubs in quiet reaches of the river had stared at her and a young man, intoxicated by the indefatigable Tig for the purpose, had tried to sup champagne out of her slipper, while photographers waited with their flashlights ready. She had kicked the man in the face, she remembered with a sense of outrage which belonged to the poke-bonneted part of Loveday.

Society people had taken her into their drawing-rooms for a brief while, and men had fallen in love with her, in the same way that they fell in love with others of Tiffany's Tough 'Uns, luridly and briefly. One whole day she had spent in the hot glare of Kleig lights at the Starshine Pictures, at the end of which a producer who surveyed her with mingled despair and desire had offered an appalled Tig Tiffany a part in his "crowd" for her.

And then a worried furrow came into Tig Tiffany's forehead. As a blazing star she was a failure so Mr Tiffany began to think of pickings. An advertiser had Loveday's name and picture upon their posters before she knew it before she could storm her bewildered protest at Tiffany's puckered brow.

The "Loveday" hair wash for brunettes was on the market simultaneously, and Loveday Brant, the third winner, was hustled off to mannequin doubtful Paris frocks at third-rate ateliers after a scene in which Tiffany, in cold figures, proved that he had already lost thousands on her.

That had been the beginning of the end.

[redacted] squib had fizzled out.

"Praise be!" Loveday murmured with a deep sigh, and finished her coffee.

She inhaled the sunlight as she [redacted] printed card, fastened neatly by two drawing pins to the door bore the words "Mr Peregrine Guy Top Floor," and it was the top floor that [illegible] climbed, past a [illegible] charwoman.

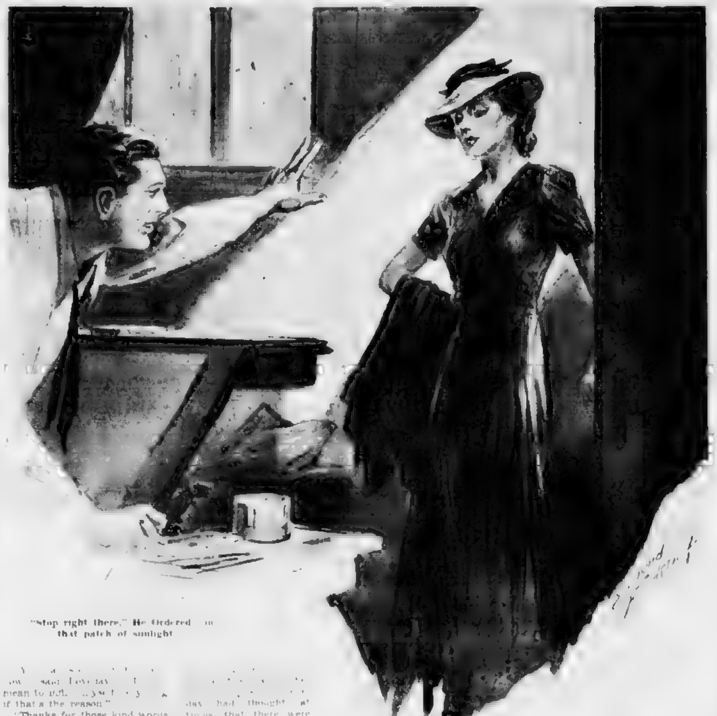
"Hullo, Peregrine!"

She was inside a big apartment half studio half [illegible] room, her clear [illegible] by her scurry [illegible] young man who came to his feet from a large sheet of Bristol board at her entrance gave [illegible] kind of quizzical greet[illegible] flung out one a[illegible]

"Stop right there," [illegible] "In that patch of sunlight. Got it! The gods have sent you. There's a new patent food coming on the market. Vitamin D for infants. Sunshine out of the bottle. They've asked me to think of a good name and do a poster for them. Something full of delicate color. That's you. I shall call the stuff Proserpina, and paint Loveday Brant as the goddess of Spring with flowers and children—whole bunches and creches of them all about her. Brilliant, isn't it?"

"Splendid!" Loveday said sitting down and opening a cardboard packet of cigarettes which lay upon the table. "Shall you write a kind of party snapper motto for it, too? You're terribly versatile."

"Terribly is the right word," Peregrine Guy agreed. "I am to anything terribly."



"Stop right there," He Ordered "in that patch of sunlight"

[illegible] said Loveday [illegible] mean to [illegible] if that's the reason."

"Thanks for those kind words. But you are decorative you know Loveday. Nicely colored but restful. I'll rest and watch you."

Peregrine Guy grinned. Loveday looking at his loose-knit figure and shabby clothes thought his quaint name suited him strangely—though it was quite likely not his real one.

His face was elusive and clever save when he smiled. Then it became gently mocking. To her it was always mocking because she was one of Tig's beauties. And he was dangerous to women though he probably did not know it which made him more dangerous still.

In spite of these things an elaborately-careless friendship had sprung up between herself [illegible] day had thought at times that there were explosives in it for her. But certainly no such thought had ever crossed Peregrine's mind as she knew quite well.

He sprawled on the cracked leather divan and ran his fingers through a thatch of black hair.

"The Tremendous Tig is throwing whole swatches of beauty at me." He spoke with his lazy amusement at Tig Tiffany and all his works including herself. "He sent that little mop headed girl who eats lipstick every five minutes and the tall one with the red hair yesterday. They were first and second prizes weren't they? Tig's taking them over to New York. He's promised them a handsome husband and thousands a year as they used to say when they handed you the last piece of bread and butter. Gosh! Are you going too? Is that why you're here now?"

Loveday shook her head.

"No," she answered, slowly. "I don't quite know why I'm here. Does a man always ask questions like that? Oh, yes I do know. You remember I promised to come and tell you if ever I decided to quit the Beauty Show and—how did you put it?—disappear suddenly? Well I've come to tell you. I've finished with Tig Tiffany and all his works. I'm going to disappear."

"Disappear?"

"Vanish." Loveday nodded coolly. Yet she was disturbed to feel a warm flood in her cheeks. Peregrine Guy was watching her, frowningly with eyes that [illegible] in a way they had [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] cigarette to the threadbare carpet and picked it up again.

He bowed.

"Enter the prince!" he said. "Well I think I [illegible] heavy father Loveday [illegible] you some kind of warning. Do you mind?"

"You're not so heavy yourself," said Loveday. "But what's the [illegible]?"

Peregrine Guy yawned. Arrogance in shining elbows and a garret, Loveday pondered, was not without charm.

"It's your type of beauty. I always forget you're modern and one of Tiffany's Tough 'Uns no [illegible] forehead that [illegible] and eyes [illegible]. And that ex[illegible] there is about [illegible] dan[illegible]. You [illegible] Beauty [illegible] if you [illegible] soft under[illegible] place Loveday. So you're naturally a [illegible] underneath [illegible] artist and an old friend, [illegible]"

"Of course," Loveday agreed.

She tried to speculate what various of her sister Tough 'Uns would have done to a man with probably only cakes and coffee money in his pocket, who spoke to them like that.

"Only it happens," she began again, deliberately "that I am—"

"By heaven, Loveday!" dramatically. "What if you're not of Yesterday at all? What if you're the Tomorrow Girl? Everything works in cycles. You may be the forerunner the first messenger of the Nineteen Forties. They'll not be the Roaring Forties at all," he laughed. "On the contrary back to the still waters that run deep, you know—"

That was it perhaps. He had her fixed at last. All the other birds of Tig Tiffany's Paradise he had pigeonholed long before. Since he did Tig Tiffany's publicity and art (very cheaply) he had seen them flutter and strut and preen themselves until he was tired and dopey . . .

But this girl. She was a Tough 'Un no doubt. Otherwise she would not be in Tiffany's gallery. But her tone was veiled and elusive, like a distant angelus. The Tomorrow Girl. Today's phenomenon, with the raw, new glitter worn off. Dangerous, indeed.

Thus this wise Guy named Peregrine.

"If you'll stop dissecting me I was going to tell you that I'm [illegible] started," Loveday said. She tried to speak distinctly but her voice to her own [illegible] confusion only [illegible]

"Are you?" The shabby quizzical young man nodded in grave approval mouth slanted in friendly laughter but eyes still [illegible] speculatively alert. "He [illegible] to leave me in the lurch Loveday."

"You don't seem curious about—well about my future husband."

"I'm a well-bred 'un Loveday. No vulgar curiosity. Send me a card when it comes off."

"Good-bye!" Loveday said.

He would always think of her as one of Tiffany's Beauties, brazen, hard-boiled beneath her outward demureness. Perhaps the scent of the Beauty Show would always [illegible] about her. She was badly startled by that thought.

"Loveday." Suddenly he was [illegible] the [illegible] brutal, yet kindly was in his manner. "Gosh! I nearly lectured! Anyhow, if you need help if things should go wrong in any way I'm here. You'll remember."

"Thanks. That's good of you," she said, with a slight huskiness. She knew, then, that he thought she was a little liar about getting married. He didn't believe it was anything so permanent.

Yet when his lips suddenly touched hers lightly in farewell, as men touch lips that are certainly not being kissed for the first time it took her so by surprise that it was she who clung.

His half amused half-embarrassed laugh was in Loveday's ears as she fled down the stairs.

It was comforting to think that never in her life would she see him again.

CHAPTER II.

Jeremy Thicket.

THE wrought-iron sign of Thicket's Antique Shop swung above a dark little doorway and two pot-bellied windows in Fulham High Street. The simple name "Thicket's" was written in gold leaf on the sign and above the window.

Somebody had suggested that "Ye Olde English Antique Shoppe" would have drawn custom better. But Jeremy Thicket was wiser than that. About "Thicket's of Chelsea" there was a cozy dignity.

So too was there about the faked brasses which filled the bottle-green window, the William and Mary furniture which had been made wholesale the Waterford Glass and the solemn big canvases which Jeremy Thicket had, so he said picked up when great English families sold their halls and granges to the vulgar [redacted]

This late afternoon, the sun slanted deep and mellow into the backshop of Thicket's, where Loveday Brant, Mr Jeremy Thicket's niece stood upon a [redacted] the [redacted]

[redacted] a little [illegible] of soot above her nose and she vanished rather hastily up the stairs which led to Jeremy Thicket's living rooms at a faint sizzling sound which floated down to the shop. As she basted the joint of beef on the gas stove she hoped a little grimly that Uncle Jeremy would enjoy his dinner that evening.

The [illegible] the shop opened as Loveday [illegible]

"H[illegible]" said Jeremy Thicket [illegible] "What's this? [illegible] a [illegible] Loveday [illegible] photo[illegible] rather [illegible] of my priceless merchandise."

He strode forward and kissed her. A man of fifty-six, Jeremy Thicket looked a bearded forty. He was fair and agile with laughing blue eyes and a breezy boyish manner which he had copied from the youth of Chelsea toning down their preciousness to suit his own personality for Mr Jeremy Thicket was a copyist even in that.

He looked round drolly but shrewdly, for the invisible photographer. Yet at the same time he looked very intently at Loveday.

"The palatial limousine," he said, "is doubtless parked round the corner. Mr Tig Tiffany waits patiently in its interior with a dollar cigar in one corner of his mouth. Do I guess correctly?"

"There's no palatial limousine," Loveday answered, "and no photographer. And I've finished with Tig Tiffany."

Jeremy Thicket touched his neatly-clipped beard. He caught Loveday's wrist lightly, as though he had been a doctor and she a charming but wholly imaginary invalid.

"The pulse is quite normal. You don't appear to have gone gaga my dear niece, save for those amusing domestic clothes you have donned. The complexion isn't pale. On the contrary it's like the wild rose, as usual."

Loveday snatched her hand away.

"It may be," she said, with a touch of unexpected passion. "But—listen, Uncle Jeremy, I'm going to marry Arthur Phipps—immediately. I'm going to live in a nice, little, semi-detached cottage, somewhere—in the kind of street where you can't tell your own house except by the kind of flowerpot you have in the window. I mean to make most of my own clothes, and I mean to have a baby some day—maybe. A grubby one. I mean to get my hands hard and dirty, I mean to scorch my beautiful eyebrows cooking on a gas stove and I don't care much if I have to clean my own front door-steps. And if there's a camera at my wedding I shall break it."

It all came vehemently from her before she could stop it. True, her voice shook with a kind of unsteady laughter.

"Dear, dear!" clucked Jeremy Thicket.

Loveday tried to laugh herself back to normal. Uncle Jeremy Thicket, she saw, had seated himself upon a Chippendale table very deliberately. His blue eyes continued to shine—but not with laughter. They were screwed up a little and it gave him the look of a bearded faun.

Though Loveday had lived with him since her mother had died ten years before, and though he was a man of charming manners she had never liked him. He was

(Continued on Page 22)

CARS, TOO, SUNBURN

Don't let your car get sunburned! Do as millions of motorists are doing. Give the finish Simoniz protection and save its beauty! Only Simoniz contains the certain secret ingredient, which keeps lacquer and enamel finishes from becoming dull, bleached, and eventually ruined by the weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays. So, insist on Simoniz . . . and on the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. The sooner you do, the better it will be for your car. Get them immediately . . . follow the simple directions for Simonizing . . . and your car will always stay beautiful!

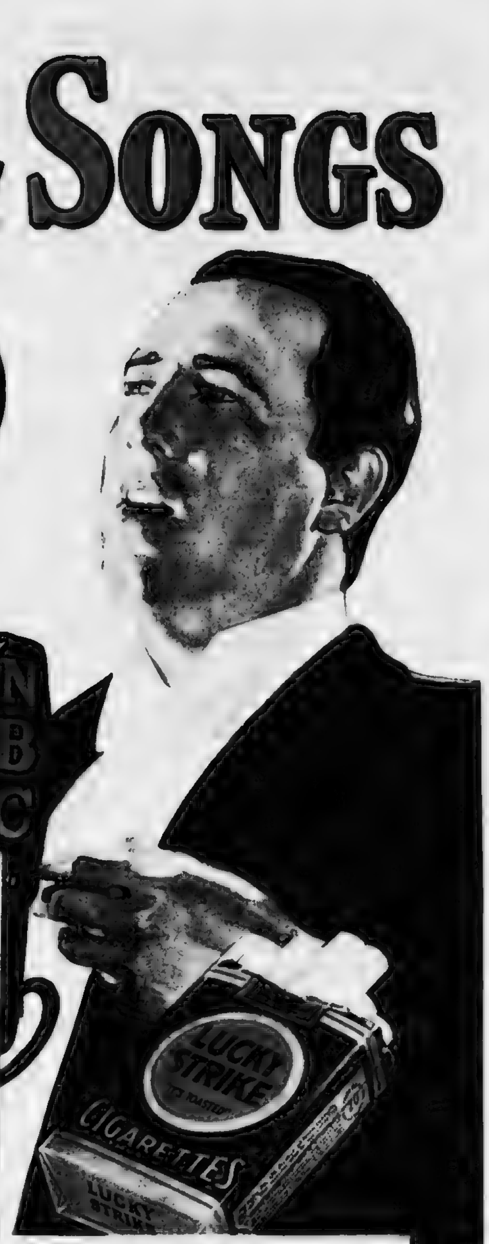
MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

REMEMBER you can "Simoniz" only with Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Always insist on them for your car. They are never sold under any other name.

HE SINGS 4 SONGS for $4,000

RICHARD CROOKS, who has one of the world's most valuable voices, tells why he must choose a light smoke...



1. **"THE HIGHER YOUR SALARY,"** *says Richard Crooks, "the more is expected of you. Into my radio performances I put every ounce of ability I have. Of course, this means a strain on my voice and throat. So I've got to have a light smoke. Luckies never irritate my throat even after the most strenuous broadcasts*

2. **"IN THE OPERA 'MADAME BUTTERFLY',"** *Mr. Crooks adds, "I actually smoke a Lucky on the stage while singing a difficult aria—the hardest possible test for any cigarette." (Note: Luckies pass this test because the "Toasting" process takes out certain throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.)*

3. **"MY FIRST REAL JOB,"** *Richard Crooks recalls, "was loading ice wagons at twenty cents an hour. But every cent I could save went into music lessons. My whole life has revolved around my voice. So the fact that I've averaged a pack of Luckies a day since 1920 certainly proves I think they're easy on my throat.*

4. **"IT WOULD OPEN THE EYES** *of the average smoker to go backstage at the Metropolitan. He'd see great singers, whose voices are their fortunes, smoking Luckies. I think he'd say to himself: 'If these singers choose Luckies for their throats' sake, Luckies ought to be the best cigarette for anybody's throat'."*

Tobacco Experts Smoke Luckies 2 to 1

SWORN records now open to the public show that among independent tobacco experts Luckies have more than twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

These experts make their living in buying, selling and handling the various grades of tobacco, dealing with all but not connected with any manufacturer. They are the auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc., in the tobacco growing districts.

They know, from their own observation, that Luckies are made of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

The American Tobacco Co.

LUCKIES are a light smoke—easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"

THE DIE HARD

Amusing Complications In a Young Men's Social Club Because of a Girl. Complete In This Issue.

By Seward Trent

[illegible] afternoon at three I have got some important business to bring up and maybe election of officers and by unanimous consent I hereby suspend all the rules that might stand in the way I move we adjourn"

Floyd was so enraged that he walked home from the meeting hall quite alone, and spoke not a word to any of his former fellow-citizens Most of them looked rather sheepish, and some a little dazed

The general membership meeting was duly called to order the following afternoon with a full attendance. There were quite a few written resignations in the mail, but Floyd merely tucked them away and grinned He balanced the Dazzling Doo-Dagean gavel across the inkwell and addressed it gravely

Mr Chairman this is the first time I ever had a chance to make a speech without some bum butting in with a lot of parliamentary hooey I move I accept all these resignations again and tell Juliet Borden to shoot the works All in favor say aye. The ayes seem to have it. 'The ayes have it and it is so ordered

As the motion was carried a burden cartwheeled merrily away from Floyd Byrum's shoulders He had a date with Juliet Borden that evening and his progress to Glen Iris was a swift and blithe one

It's okay Juliet he chuckled [illegible] The club had a special meeting and unanimously accepted your invitation with a hearty expression of appreciation for your kind thoughtfulness and elegant hospitalness

Oh goody'' thrilled Juliet 'I have got the invitations all engraved anyway. I just knew they'd do anything you asked them'"

When Floyd drove forth a bit later in Juliet's large two-colored coupe with Juliet quite frankly hugging his right elbow, he made many circlings of the "Race Track" or "Chicken Run" as the central and best lighted block of the business district was variously called One always made this circuit when one came downtown for the theatre or other post-meridian indulgence Floyd made it a point to pass all the picture houses and the three other theatres the city sustained Also he parked at the curb of three sundae salons most generously patronized by spenders

Floyd was shamelessly showing off. He was exploiting his intimacy with the fair and wealthy daughter of the State's most eminent bolt and nut magnate and art patron It afforded him a species of exaltation to meet and hail former members of the Society of D D's for Floyd knew something was coming out in the papers tomorrow

'How many members of the D D's are there you can tell me that, can't you?' importuned Juliet

Oh, there'll be fifty-five or sixty including the guests"

And I can invite other people too can't I?"

Sure' There may be a few fellows who will get two invitations but that can't be helped It's an absolute dead secret who is a member of the D D's and who isn't Every now and then we hear about some fellow saying he resigned and pretending to give away secrets, but if he does it's just a sign he was kicked out '

Ooh said Juliet sufficiently horrified

The younger set and not an inconsiderable [illegible] of the older stratum had something to talk about next day Pictures of Juliet Borden adorned the society columns of three newspapers and a chastely simple announcement of what was coming off read as follows

Miss Juliet d'Harbord Borden charming daughter of Mr and Mrs Charles Steffingham Borden of Glen Iris [illegible] compliment the members of the Society of D D's at a dinner dance in the palatial Glen Iris family establishment as an event of Christmas week that will be of widespread interest among the [illegible] and beaux of the city

The Society of D D's whose charming and graceful entertainments in the past have always been looked forward to with avid interest by the younger set had planned to give its first annual formal dance on this date but altered its plans in order to accept the invitation so graciously extended by Miss Borden Those bidden to this charming affair will include the usual guest list made up by invitation of the D D's The club, organized several years ago by a group of young men representing the foremost families of the community is a secret organization, the identity of whose members is known only to themselves and this fact will lend a piquant jollity to the brilliant entertainment at Glen Iris when lovely Miss Borden plays hostess to its members

"The palatial home of Mr. and Mrs Borden will be tastefully decorated for the occasion with ferns and cut-flowers, and a forty-piece orchestra, made possible by the consolidation of five of the city's best musical organizations will provide dulcet strains until the wee hours of the morning

Mr. Charles Steffingham Borden refused for two reasons to read the announcements when Mrs Borden pointed them out The first reason was that he had already read them and the second was that he was angry with the newspapers for 'smearing Juliet's picture all over the page" This declared Mr Borden, cheapened a girl

Mrs Borden said: "Oh I don't think it's so bad Charles"

Miss Juliet d'Harbord Borden said: "It's a WOW"

The whole proceedings were a wow of a different complexion to the quondam members of the Society of D D's Not the least dazed was Mr George Cunningham, who, before recovering from the initial wallop of surprise, received two engraved invitations one from Juliet and one from "The Society of D D's" Floyd had forgotten none of his former fellow-members and the entire 'checking-list' of approved girls was covered

George Cunningham called up Juliet to decline

"I am not a member nor am I interested in the D D's" he told her

"Why were you kicked out?" queried Juliet politely

'As a gentleman I can't discuss the matter' he said haughtily

Well as a gentleman you [illegible] not have to come if you [illegible] want to. I invited you as a friend but I guess you aren't any more"

'Oh now Juliet don't talk that way'

I'm not talking that way It's you Call me again when I'm not so busy" And [illegible] clicked in George's astonished ear

He reflected with [illegible] bitterness that he and all the other representatives of the really best families had been insulted grievously but the affront had come from so exalted a source that none could take umbrage George talked earnestly with all the insurgents of the D D's who had followed his lead in the effort to wreck the organization but too many of them had already bought their Tuxedos Juliet Borden's truly mammoth entertainment could not possibly be rivaled by any competing affair George and his friends could promote

'I guess I'd better go, George because I've half-promised somebody I'd take her

That was the verdict almost universally tendered to George All Society was buzzing over the forthcoming event at Glen Iris It meant nothing less than social hari-kari for any debutante of past present or future season to absent [illegible] from [illegible] Vogue' [illegible] others were [illegible] over their invited daughters' good fortune and not a few fathers who put the [illegible] in the same class with the privilege of calling Mr Charles Steffingham Borden "Charley" took more interest in the event than they had in the World Series or the visit of Colonel Lindbergh

Juliet's dance as Floyd Byrum summed it up was a [illegible] and a knockout. It was notably distinguished by the extra added presence of a Metropolitan Opera prima donna and an English lecturer who happened to be in town for engagements Both seemed profoundly impressed by the forty piece orchestra and the [illegible]

The English lecturer played poker with Mr Charles Borden and three others who had been invited to sit out the night so Mr Borden [illegible] decided he'd never be able to sleep anyhow Oddly enough the subject of a sustained and animated conversation between Mr Byrum and the lecturer was pickles for the latter had a brother in the pickle business in [illegible]

But Floyd was the hero of the evening downstairs. To show how elated he was he even danced with the opera star a terpsichorean sacrifice which required strength and forbearance for though the lady's voice was attenuated her figure was not

Juliet was exquisitely radiant over the success of her party At 2 A M she [illegible] an extra [illegible] Floyd, in a [illegible] nook where only the music [illegible] penetrate

"It's [illegible] Floyd' she [illegible] you [illegible] every [illegible]

Oh it wasn't anything murmured Floyd [illegible]

[illegible] all the members of the D D's here [illegible]

I [illegible] chance to [illegible]

And wasn't it funny about George Cunningham coming in as a stag at twelve o'clock

I [illegible] Floyd absently [illegible]

He's an [illegible] about something [illegible] what it is but [illegible] because he's [illegible] has not [illegible]

He's [illegible]

The [illegible] was [illegible] far the [illegible] framed from [illegible] them

All seemed respectfully cognizant of the fact that Juliet looked with special favor on Floyd as assuredly she did

Floyd permitted the sweets of victory to saturate his soul, as he skipped a later dance and mused alone with the moon on a wide veranda that overlooked the Glen Iris prospect

Will Hopkins and two other boys encountered him there after a search that had led them all over the house

'Hey, Floyd' Will greeted him "Sort of resting up from all this hectic night life?"

No said Floyd quick to grasp the situation 'I was just holding a special meeting of the D D's'

All three of the others laughed a bit more heartily than was natural or necessary

Well, that's a good one'' cried Will Hopkins "Floyd always would have his little joke What was the meeting for

Oh just to consider ways and means"

Will coughed "Some of the fellows were looking for you a while ago, Floyd

'Sure enough '

'Yeah Some of us were just wondering if we could get in the D D's and cut all this foolishness about another club"

The membership meeting replied Floyd with a grin, has just finished voting on an open door policy like they have in China Our motto is Faith hope and charity by unanimous consent'"

Everybody admits it was a [illegible] to talk about busting up the good old D D's' said one of Will's companions

'It just couldn't be busted," said the other.

"It's stronger than ever," said Will

"Let's go in" suggested Floyd It's chilly out here Will you gentlemen please submit your applications in writing

Do we have to apply and be elected all over again

Yes but All the [illegible] will be [illegible] We're going to have a formal [illegible] like this every three months

'Great!" cried the three of them

And the [illegible] of our other little [illegible] added Floyd "You might pass the word on to the other fellows who want to apply."

"What's that?" asked Will

'At the special meeting of the general membership I was unanimously elected Supreme Dazzling Doo-Dag

A young lady in the doorway laughed triumphantly It was Miss Juliet d'Harbord Borden accompanied by Mr. George Cunningham

"Now I know one of your secrets!" exulted Juliet George wouldn't tell me, but now I know who has been making such a gorgeous club out of the D D's No wonder they re-elected you!"

There was a [illegible] during which George Cunningham coughed

"You mustn't tell anybody what you heard" said Floyd [illegible]

"I'll take any terrible oath you want me to," promised Juliet "But you seem to forget, Mr Doo-Dag that you asked me for the next dance

Floyd almost was tactless enough to say he hadn't asked her but he caught the arch wink of Juliet's pretty left eye as she took his [illegible]

"I think I'll stay here for a while" said George Cunningham 'I'm pretty warm'

DROP THAT KNIFE!
CORNS COME BACK BIGGER UGLIER

—unless removed Root* and All

REMEMBER, a corn goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home, risking serious danger of infection, you merely trim the surface. Soon that corn comes back bigger, uglier, more pain [illegible] Why [illegible] chance?

Use the Blue-Jay method For when you Blue-Jay a corn, it's gone—all gone. Pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then in 3 short days that corn lifts out Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue Jay is a modern scientifically medicated plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive Safe and easy to use. Get a package today. Only 25¢ for a package of 6.

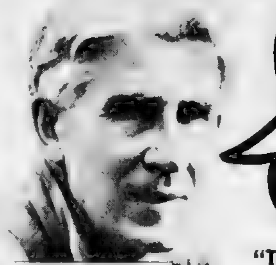
BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

Carolina Barbecued Chicken

CAREFULLY dress 2 chickens weighing 2 or 2½ pounds each Split down the back. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Put into a roasting pan. Melt 1 cup butter add 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons Worchestershire sauce and 10 drops Tabasco sauce With a small clean cloth tied on end of stick pat a little of the butter mixture on the chickens Place the chickens under the flame in broiler and brown on both sides, patting constantly with the butter mixture Add 1 cup water, cover closely and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees for 3 hours Add about ½ cup hot water occasionally, if necessary.

A TRUE STORY BY ZANE GREY



HE WAS RIDING ON DYNAMITE AND NEVER KNEW IT UNTIL..

ZANE GREY
Famous Author of Popular Western Thrillers

"This Close Shave," says Zane Grey, "Should Make Every Motorist Think Twice Before Gambling on Tires"

THERE [illegible] that Edward Zachary of Hartford, Con[illegible] and that was his regular week-end [illegible]

Nothing [illegible] that to open the throttle and get away from [illegible] Not that he was a reckless driver On the contrary Ed Zachary was [illegible] when it came to observing traffic rules

But there [illegible] mishap that the best of drivers cannot [illegible] And [illegible] Mr Zachary completely off guard

[illegible] He had the North [illegible] road [illegible] a Texas Ranger could [illegible] An [illegible] drag [illegible] Flying wheels [illegible] the widest side Mr [illegible] out of [illegible] And [illegible] the world [illegible] chances on tires.

A Special Goodrich Tire

Th[illegible] when you gamble on tires Today's [illegible] driving conditions call for a *special* tire The Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just that kind of a tire It's the *one and only* tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This life saving Goodrich [illegible] of *special* rubber and full floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the treacherous internal tire heat that causes many of today's dangerous high speed blow outs

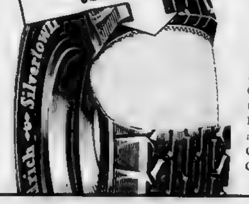
By resisting this trouble causing heat *inside* the tire, Golden Ply Silvertowns give you, and everyone that rides with you, *real* protection against those dangerous high speed blow outs.

No Extra Cost

Edward Zachary has no desire to go through the mental anguish of another blow out From now on you'll find his car equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns For your own peace of mind for the protection of your family and friends make *your next set of tires* Golden Ply Silvertowns You pay no price premium for these life saving tires and you'll find them [illegible] at Goodrich Silvertown [illegible] and Goodrich Dealers everywhere

Zane Grey

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY



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Goodrich POLISH & CLEANER 33¢ 6 OZ CAN

2 TIRES AS LOW AS $11.10*

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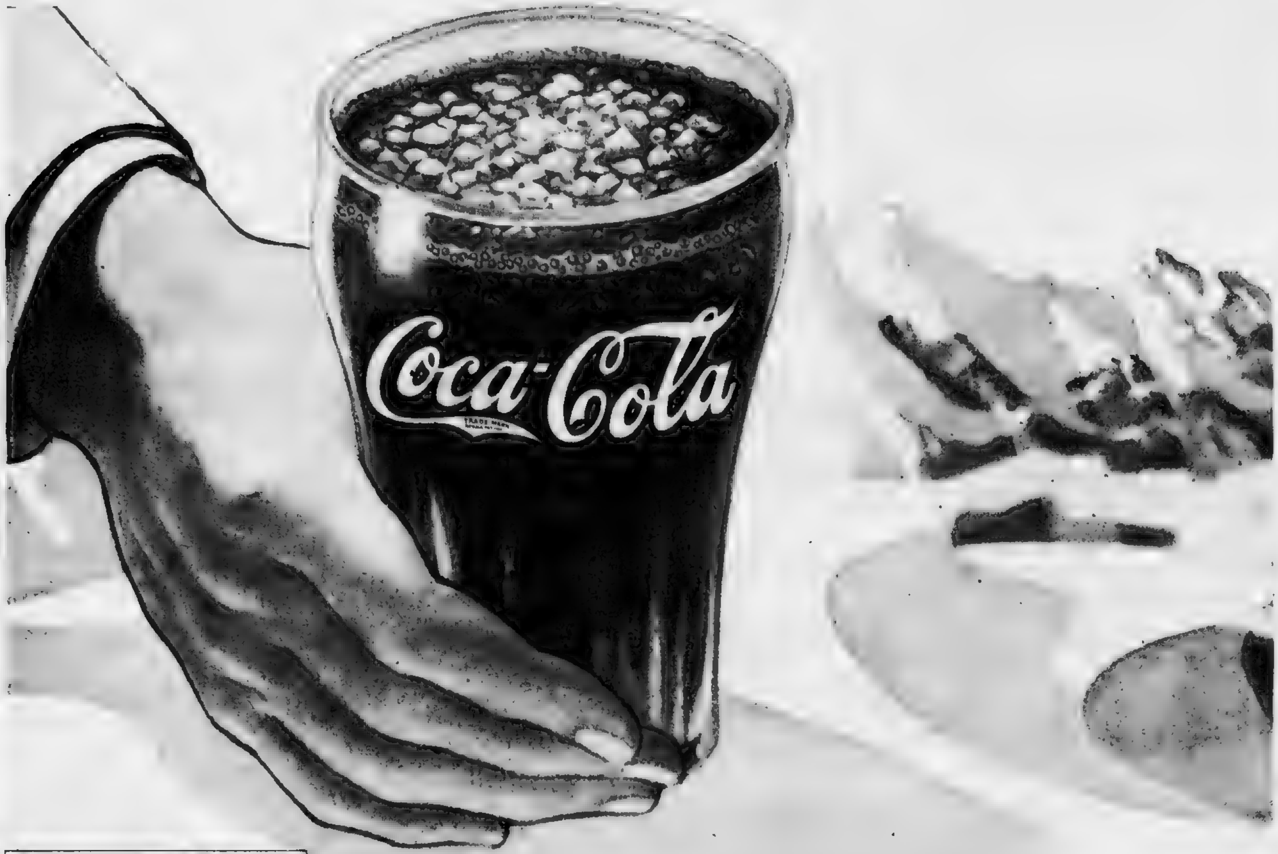
Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



No matter how hot the weather . . . . it's cooler at the soda fountain. Just say "Ice-cold Coca-Cola, please."

The pause that refreshes . . . and cools

DRUG
Coca-Cola

Get the feel of wholesome refreshment with an ice-cold Coca-Cola and you'll make your own weather prediction: Fair and much cooler.

A cool swim refreshes you from the outside in. Ice-cold Coca-Cola refreshes you from the inside out.

Gone is winter's cooling snow. But cooling Coca-Cola – ice-cold – is around the corner from anywhere, every day of the year. And where are you? On your way right now to a bright and cheerful fountain – if you want to enjoy *the pause that refreshes . . . and cools.*

5¢

The End of the World When the Sun Explodes---And Then What?

(Continued from Double Page)

evolution [illegible] man are alike [illegible] different. The [illegible] a chance [illegible] earth with [illegible] [illegible] flesh [illegible] highest animals [illegible] oyster [illegible] together [illegible] possessing [illegible] only a tiny [illegible] as the [illegible] on all sides.

[illegible] Nature [illegible] attempt to [illegible] as [illegible] the [illegible] as the [illegible] jellyfish. [illegible] exist in the ocean [illegible] which [illegible] be the [illegible] In the [illegible] Lake [illegible] They possessed [illegible] head [illegible] with [illegible] which [illegible] Ages [illegible] something like this [illegible] have developed the [illegible] partly [illegible] cartilage [illegible] the [illegible] have [illegible] of the [illegible]

The few present day lungfish, already mentioned, live in the upper levels of the ocean and probably will perish when the land animals do. Deep down in the [illegible] safe from all possibility of harm there live many other kinds of fish, but these deep-sea ones are water breathers, and probably never could learn to be air breathers. Fish too have larger bodies and a greater handicap in getting food after the catastrophe than will be true of worms.

So far the evolution of a new land life may be more or less the same as before. Worms may be the creatures to develop new backbones and presently to invade the silent continents. From then on there is no reason to imagine that the evolution of the new land life will be similar at all.

It is difficult for present human beings to imagine higher animals without legs or human beings without the modified legs we call arms. Yet this usual equipment of arms and legs is nothing but an accident due to the fact that it was the lungfish, descendants of the original worms, that became the first land invading amphibians and ultimately the mammals. These lungfish already had appendages called fins developed by their [illegible] When the lungfish first began to [illegible] then [illegible] insects, with a different [illegible] emerging from the sea, developed quite different kinds and numbers of appendages to walk or fly with.

On the second peopling of the land, if the worms begin it, they will have no such fin-like appendages available to sway the further course of evolution. Instead they may develop hundreds of small feet or flippers to skim along the ground like those that some of the water worms now have to swim with and to dig into the sand. Or the land-going worms might get along well enough merely by crawling as the snakes do. [illegible] they might even [illegible] technique of [illegible] and rolling rapidly over the ground as is claimed for the [illegible] This alleged [illegible] like the coachwhip snake that is supposed to [illegible] nature fakers, for no scientist ever saw one rolling.

To modern human ideas it seems fantastic to imagine an intelligent worm, with its [illegible] head pushed along the [illegible] elongated [illegible] body [illegible] such ideas [illegible] for the [illegible] future is a good [illegible] no visible reason why a good brain might not [illegible] creature with [illegible] thousand legs instead [illegible] in creatures with four legs set at each corner like a table.

Another part of the [illegible] These [illegible] are [illegible] fish which [illegible] on a [illegible] had been [illegible] were the re- [illegible] There [illegible] breathe [illegible] through their [illegible] their stomachs, their skins and many other organs.

Most of the worms breathe through their skins, which is the method used by ordinary earthworms. That is one reason why earthworms die if their skins become dry, so that the air cannot be absorbed. And if it is some kind of seaworm that crawls out on land to begin the new evolution, the [illegible] breathing habit may well come with it. Special organs might be developed on the skin to take over the task of supplying oxygen, perhaps tufts of thin tissue like the gills of some water creatures or like the feathers of birds, possibly some quite different thing that no one can even imagine.

Warm blood is another item of man's present [illegible] that might not be retained in a new peopling of the land. This [illegible] resulted from an evolutionary accident. In the age of dinosaurs, those giant cold-blooded beasts were [illegible] so long as it was warm but sluggish when it was cold. At that time certain smaller reptiles are believed to have developed warm blood as a means of keeping active when the larger beasts were sluggish and thus stealing some of the food which the giant dinosaurs probably would have kept [illegible] for themselves, or perhaps as [illegible] the species of [illegible] which were [illegible]

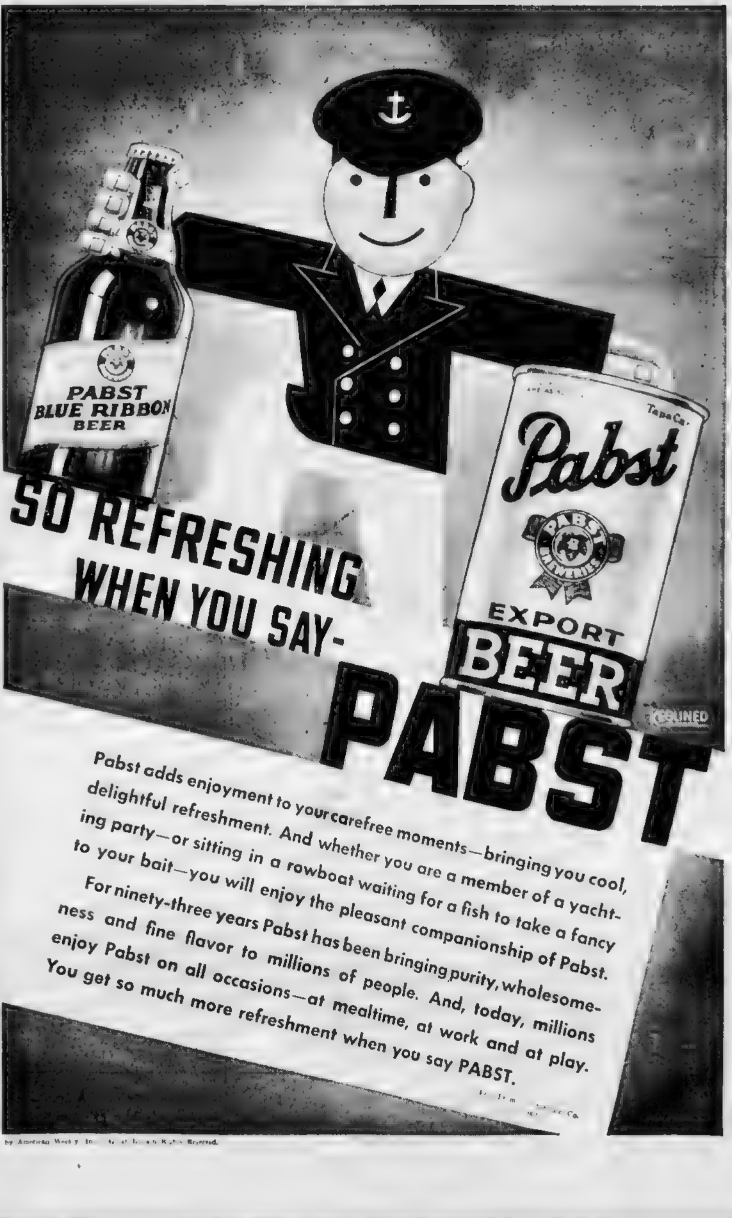
If there [illegible] ly there is no probability of an age of dinosaurs, an episode of earth history which depended on too intensive [illegible] likely to be repeated, perhaps the chief accident being the growth of an enormously luxurious vegetation with not enough animals to eat all of it.

The picture of the "mankind" of the next peopling of the land is strange but [illegible] It may be some kind of big-brained worm, cold-blooded, breathing oxygen through its skin, perhaps jumping or rolling around the continents instead of walking. But the only sure thing is that no one [illegible] become the next creatures of the continents will take. [illegible] they will be [illegible] from the ones alive today.

It even may be that Nature will not [illegible] big-brained [illegible] or even necessary, but possibly this is wrong. There are philosophers who believe that mankind [illegible] warfare. Maybe the [illegible] something different [illegible] behind in the sea.

And another [illegible] If [illegible] these highly [illegible] have a soul, a religion and a yearning for a future life?

BE OIL-WISE
USE
PENNZOIL
MOTOR OIL
STANDS HEAT BETTER
WHEN MILE POSTS WHIZ LIKE A PICKET FENCE
TO USE PENNZOIL IS JUST GOOD SENSE



SO REFRESHING WHEN YOU SAY—PABST

Pabst adds enjoyment to your carefree moments—bringing you cool, delightful refreshment. And whether you are a member of a yachting party—or sitting in a rowboat waiting for a fish to take a fancy to your bait—you will enjoy the pleasant companionship of Pabst.

For ninety-three years Pabst has been bringing purity, wholesomeness and fine flavor to millions of people. And, today, millions enjoy Pabst on all occasions—at mealtime, at work and at play. You get so much more refreshment when you say PABST.

THE WHITE LINE is the CLOROX line!

When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's disinfected

WHEN your white cottons and [illegible] are laundered the [illegible] way they're [illegible] white [illegible] fresh. Even more [illegible] they're CLOROX-CLEAN [illegible] an added safeguard to health.

Soiled handkerchiefs, towels, table and bed linens harbor infection-spreading bacteria. It's vitally important to make these and other white and color-fast cottons and linens Clorox-Clean, especially in homes where there are children.

Clorox deodorizes, disinfects and removes numerous stubborn stains [illegible] fruit, berry, grass, beverage, [illegible] any ink, dye, medicine [illegible] stains, even scorch and [illegible] from white and color fast [illegible] linens.

Follow the directions on the Clorox [illegible] to easier and safer [illegible] in laundry, kitchen and bathroom. It also [illegible] many important personal uses. Clorox is always uniform in quality ... concentrated for economy. There is only one Clorox ... order by name

CLOROX-CLEAN means GREATER HOME HYGIENE

CLOROX
[illegible] · SAFE · DEPENDABLE

BLEACHES
DEODORIZES
DISINFECTS
REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS
Even Scorch, Mildew

Fish Walks on Its Tail

D[illegible] hear of a [illegible] there is such a creature [illegible] the [illegible] wahoo are as strange as [illegible] When hooked it "walks on its tail" along the surface of the water as the fisherman tries to haul it to his boat.

The wahoo is shaped somewhat like a mackerel. It has an extraordinary backbone with special "engineering features" consisting of a lattice-work of unique bones which brace the spine in such a way that the fish cannot bend its body up or down and is extremely limited in bending sideways. Skeptics who must be "shown" are referred to Curator Alfred C. Weed, of the Field Museum of Natural History which has just been presented with two fine specimens caught by a Chicago couple during a cruise to the Bahamas.

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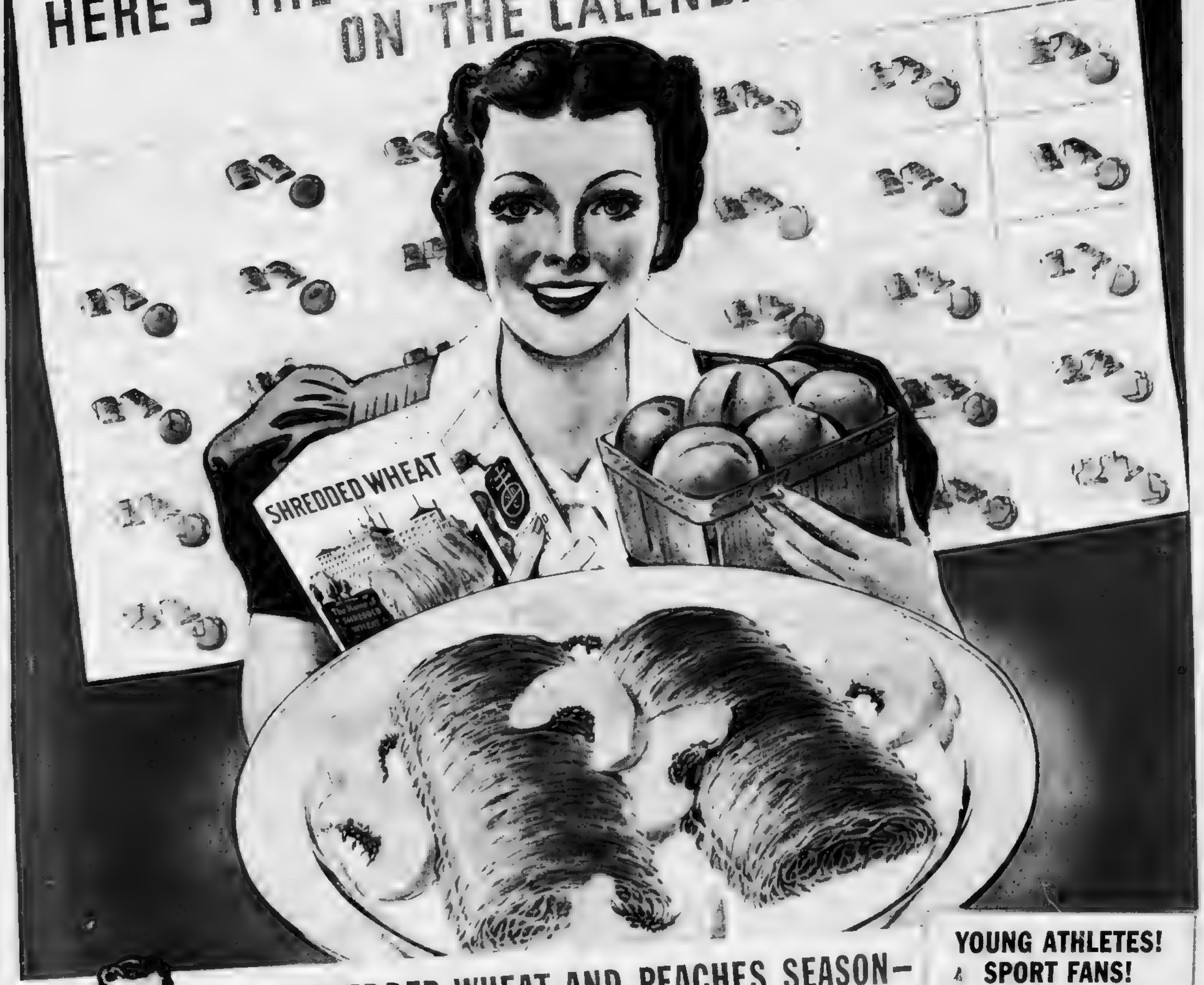
HERE'S THE MOST DELICIOUS BREAKFAST ON THE CALENDAR


SHREDDED WHEAT
The Home of SHREDDED WHEAT

IT'S SHREDDED WHEAT AND PEACHES SEASON— DON'T MISS THIS FAMOUS FLAVOR TEAM!

Fresh, luscious peaches—orchard fresh—sliced over crisp Shredded Wheat... What a treat to greet that hungry breakfast appetite!

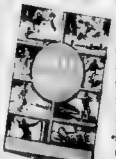
And you get a big supply of energy, too. For Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. You get Nature's own rich balance of the vital food essentials that help build active, alert days.

Don't miss Shredded Wheat and peaches—the season's feature flavor team. Order them from your grocer right away.

SHREDDED WHEAT
The Home of SHREDDED WHEAT
The Home of SHREDDED WHEAT
100% WHOLE WHEAT

YOUNG ATHLETES! SPORT FANS!

HERE'S THE BOOK THAT SHOWS YOU HOW!



27 leading coaches give you expert advice on practicing and training... baseball, tennis, track, swimming, football, etc. Unique! Authoritative! 40 pages of just the information you need to improve your game. Don't miss this chance to start to become a real star.

SEND COUPON TODAY!

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I want my copy of "Sports Secrets" right away. I have cut the picture of the Shredded Wheat biscuit from the *front* of *two* Shredded Wheat packages and enclose them with 10¢ in stamps, or a dime to cover postage and handling.

NAME ____________________
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CITY ____________ STATE ____________
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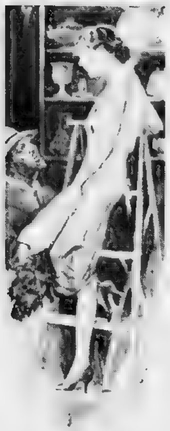
LOOK FOR THE SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING

SHREDDED WHEAT IS A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MORE THAN A BILLION SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS SOLD EVERY YEAR

H[illegible] H[illegible] S.A[illegible] W



Loveday Was Standing Upon a Ladder, Dusting a Set of Early Worcester

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] engagement [illegible] The cards would [illegible] the West End [illegible] to Bond Street.

[illegible] "I hope you have [illegible] Loveday. A grubby [illegible] the as[illegible] [illegible] which was full of grace.

Yes [illegible] was a mystery. Sometimes he would [illegible] to the Continent for a week [illegible] of the art [illegible]

Four years ago he had come back [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible] weeks [illegible] grew.

Every [illegible] of that [illegible] Loveday as [illegible] his [illegible] He was not poor. His rooms above the shop were [illegible] and he kept a good cellar.

Some of the [illegible] with [illegible] at his [illegible] came back to Loveday. [illegible] would hate her now. She was a piece of stuff for which he had expected to get a fabulous price and [illegible]

[illegible] she shook herself. He doesn't matter now. You'll be [illegible] Mrs. Arthur Phipps. At [illegible]

[illegible] she was [illegible] answer she [illegible] a week before when he asked her [illegible]

But six o'clock [illegible] of Phineas [illegible] Arthur Phipps [illegible] up the shutters [illegible] [illegible] for Loveday [illegible]

Dear Loveday, [illegible] You have only to be patient and [illegible] heights on the screen [illegible] a beautiful [illegible] as you [illegible]

[illegible] I can't [illegible]

[illegible] A [illegible]

M[illegible]R

[illegible] the [illegible] board.

Before that Arthur Phipps had come to [illegible] with her [illegible] but she had [illegible] or at least [illegible]

It was not until [illegible] Loveday nodded and let her eyes close.

When her eyes opened again the hands of St. [illegible] clock [illegible] over the [illegible] from three o'clock to four [illegible] a big, [illegible]

[illegible] Somebody was knocking at the door of her room.

Loveday came awake as the Sleeping Beauty must have done with a startled, gentle allure of [illegible] dark eyes [illegible] over with [illegible] which no black and white camera of any sort could ever have caught and which she could not have helped had she been paid a fortune to [illegible]

"Come in!" she called, and came to her feet, staring at the already open door.

It was an old lady whom Loveday had never seen before. She was small, a little stout, exquisitely shaped and delightfully groomed in an otherwise old-fashioned [illegible] as if in [illegible] and sympathy of Loveday's bewilderment.

"Miss Loveday Brand?" The voice was soft [illegible] "Don't be startled [illegible] I'm only an [illegible] lady. Not a ghost. May I look at you? Yes [illegible] of you [illegible] as they are. What are you doing [illegible]"

She [illegible] for Loveday's answer. [illegible] Loveday said.

[illegible] about sixty years [illegible] hats.

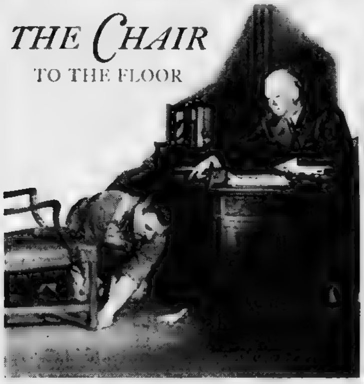
[illegible] She seemed to [illegible] possessor of [illegible]

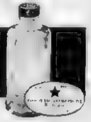
[illegible] That's a [illegible]

But why? [illegible] Was this Tig Tiffany [illegible] from his brass bottle again?

A very natural question [illegible] gave an unexpected [illegible] though her eyes were [illegible]

(Continued on Page 28)





SO HE NAILED THE CHAIR TO THE FLOOR

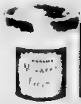
H[illegible]

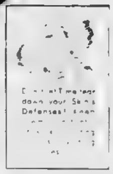
Why Listerine Works

Don't Take A Chance

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

FOR HALITOSIS USE LISTERINE





Don't wait too long!

Keep your SKIN'S DEFENSES strong and active now

with this COMPLETE CREAM

patterned on natural skin oils!

EVEN in the [illegible] years when youthful skin [illegible] developing.

Right [illegible] Nature [illegible]

[illegible] nothing at all.

No high-priced beauty treatments are necessary. No elaborate set of [illegible] to do that and [illegible] for something else.

What you need is [illegible] complete cream which is patterned on natural [illegible]

That's just what [illegible] Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

This [illegible] Nature [illegible] now, done so well. It supplies precious oils which, like Nature's own skin oils, help to keep [illegible] Your reward [illegible]

[illegible] down your Skin's Defenses! [illegible]

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

DON'T BE A "CARRIER"* OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

ARE you a "Carrier"? Do you play golf? Tennis? Do you swim? Do you often tread barefoot on damp surfaces, on [illegible] bath-house floors, on the edges of swimming pools or the boardwalk at the beach?

Red Skin Marks The "Carrier"*

Does the skin between your toes look red? Does it itch, look irritated? Is it cracked in places under or between the toes?

Then the chances are you have a case of Athlete's Foot, and you *are* a "Carrier." For "Carrier" is the medical term for a person who carries infection.

Prompt application of cooling, soothing, relieving Absorbine Jr. may save you more serious complications and suffering. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, economical because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 397 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*According to U. S. Public Health Service reports ten million people [illegible] They spread the disease [illegible] where they picked it up [illegible] bath house [illegible] swimming pool or beach or other public places.

RELIEVE ATHLETE'S FOOT WITH COOLING, SOOTHING ABSORBINE JR.

Hoodwink House by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 22)

pair of old fogies, my dear, or be so cruel as to resist them?"

"Did Mr. Tiffany send you here?" Loveday demanded.

"We got your address from that horrible man. You'll not refuse because of that? We're two lonely old people who take sudden likes—and dislikes, I am afraid. Chartered interferers in other people's lives." The shrewd, calm face dimpled. "We're by no means of the antimacassar period. We love modern youth. All our lives we've missed having a daughter like you—"

"My dear—" said Lord Bedlow dryly—"I am sure Miss Brant will accept or decline your invitation without further eloquence on your part."

Looking at him, Loveday saw something about him which reminded her, in a queer, painful flash, of Peregrine Guy. The resemblance passed in a moment because Lord Bledlow was a white-haired and distinguished-looking old man.

While Lady Bledlow was being charming, he was embarrassed, satirical and impatient. Lord Bledlow? Loveday seemed to have heard of him, but could not remember where. She had met a number of lords during the past few months, but they were mostly young, and would certainly not have brought their wives when they visited her.

"To begin with, I've no clothes," Loveday said slowly. "And then—"

"Have perfectly nice things never happened suddenly to you before, Loveday Brant?"

"A few." Loveday smiled involuntarily into the small, domineering face.

It was true about her clothes. She had sent all her finery back to Tig Tiffany, to whom, she considered it rightly belonged.

Lady Bledlow rose with a bustling little movement.

"I've a very pretty frock, all ready for you," she said, "and a maid who knows how to put it on you. I'm good at overcoming objections when I want anything. And I want you to come to dinner with my husband and me this evening very much indeed. Get your hat on, my dear."

She was laughing in a mischievous and delighted way, as though Loveday had challenged her. Her words came seemingly shaped and polished for her own amusement. Sudden liking and misgiving of this buccaneer-like old lady assailed Loveday in a curiously-mixed measure. All at once, she decided.

"Thanks very much," she said formally. "I've no other engagement this evening, Lady Bledlow."

In the limousine, with a chauffeur at the wheel who was undoubtedly a converted coachman of Edwardian days, Loveday brought to mind that many a young actress was "taken up" by rich and kindly people. In a way, she still belonged to the limelight since her plans for being what Arthur Phipps called a beautiful nonentity had gone awry.

She was conscious, too, of a deep curiosity, and some sense of adventure.

CHAPTER III.

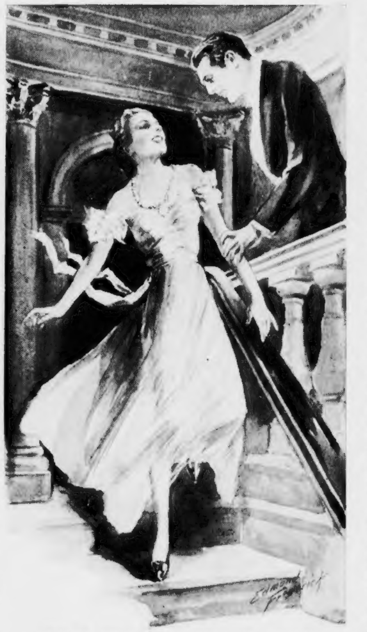
A Pawn at Hoodwink House.

IT WAS a large, suave house, somewhere in Kew. The car stopped before a creeper-tangled porch, and an elderly maid, immaculately but severely uniformed, admitted them.

Loveday drew her breath at the mellow beauty of the room she glimpsed. She was in the home of two old people who by some marvel had kept their atmosphere back in the nineteenth century, yet were neither stodgy nor ugly. They were only tyrants. Yet over whom? And why over her?

"Here is your dressing room, my dear," Lady Bledlow said, with a purr in her voice. "Dinner will be served in half an hour."

The door closed behind Loveday, and, from the wide spaces of a big room hung with soft tapestry, a smiling woman came forward. She was French, and Loveday recognized her with a twinge. . . "Miss Loveday Brant's dress, by Jocelyne, of Bond Street," had been printed on the programme of Tig Tiffany's great Albert Hall dance. This was Jocelyne's head woman.



Scurrying Down the Stairs, She Stopped at His Hail.

This began to look like a Beauty Contest engagement. They were doing things well. The frock which Madame Jocelyne's woman produced was the color of her own misty golden eyes, the shoes apparently beaten out of dew-drops and primrose petals. There was a necklace of opals, and a brooch made from a single square emerald such as Lady Bledlow wore.

Twenty minutes later, Loveday Brant stared into the glass at herself.

"How spirituelle!" sighed Madame Jocelyne's woman. "Madame is more beautiful than ever I have seen her. The lovely coloring!"

"Spirituelle!" echoed Loveday. The word left her cold.

She opened the door and passed out on to the broad landing above the double staircase. As she did so, down some stairs behind her a young man came. The two of them stood looking at each other each in their new and flawless evening garb.

"Great Smoke!" Peregrine Guy said.

Loveday crushed her hand against her mouth to keep back laughter that was too unsteady for that big, sedate house. Through her all sorts of silvery thrills went coursing.

"You here! I didn't know Tig had men for hire on his list. Aren't they two queer old things? What's it all about? Do you think it's to be a private and exclusive dance after dinner, with you as gigolo for Lady Bledlow, and me for his lordship? I can't think of anything else."

"I haven't the slightest idea," answered Peregrine Guy. He was looking thoughtfully at her white throat and the emerald brooch that nestled there. "Perhaps it's a kind of charade they're staging. They're rather a queer old couple. This is some encounter, Loveday. What lovely jewelry! And Tig's taste in frocks is exquisite, isn't it?"

"You solemn owl!" Loveday caught his arm and gurgled, stirring a little eddy of fragrance. She had to laugh, because she knew, all at once, that she had been a tiny bit frightened, but was only glowing with adventure now. "Lady Bledlow gave me this outfit, just as Lord Bledlow gave you yours, I suppose. They brought me here. It was a mild kidnaping case. Wasn't it with you? I don't believe they suspect we know each other."

"I don't believe they do." Peregrine Guy's dark close-cropped head shone against the mellow gloom of the staircase, as he peered down it, his arm resting lightly on Loveday's. "Run ahead, Loveday. This is a great game. But I say!"

Scurrying down the stairs, she stopped at his call. In silence he raised her left hand and looked at the bare fingers, questioning, sardonic.

"No," she said, on a quick breath. (Some imp of laughter and happiness had suddenly settled in her throat and behind her eyes. She could feel it distinctly. It beat in a tiny drum that vibrated all through her.) "I'm not married. It never came off. That's all."

"No bones broken, Loveday?"

"Not one."

"India rubber heart? It's good stuff."

Down half the stairs she scurried, and the other half descended sedately, as the soft waves of a dinner-gong floated through the house. Outside, birds were fluting in an evening sunlight that was the color of old sauterne.

But the shutters of the dining room were closed, and the table, glimpsed through an open door, was all soft and candle-lit, and withdrawn. It was like something which very quaint, very luxurious, very old-fashioned children had lighted for fun.

"Quite ravishing, child." She was being approved by a wistful yet always formidable old woman with white, silky hair and stroked by pale, small hands which seemed to take her as their property. "And there's no effort about it. A cocktail? Hold out your left hand—the third finger. There! Don't speak a word. Think of me as a witch, if you like—I've got a little moustache if you look closely. People don't question witches, Loveday Brant. The two chairs at the head of the table are for you and Guy. Don't forget to sit by his side. Mother-wit, Loveday Brant, Mother-wit! You're a woman, aren't you?"

She spoke in cudgel strokes, with a little chuckle of grim mirth, and though she was a pretty old lady, she might have been the Mother Shipton she called herself.

Rather dizzily, Loveday sank into the deep ottoman, looking with fascination at the diamond ring which had been thrust on her engagement finger—the finger that Peregrine Guy had lifted a moment before. And then, before she knew it, something squeezed her throat small, and hurt it, and within her the drum of laughter and happiness broke out with trumpets and pennons and bright banners.

She guessed. These eccentric Godparents meant to give her to Peregrine Guy. Lonely and childless, they had adopted two of the great city's poor children to make them happy. That was it. Tig Tiffany, as a genie, was out-genied.

Loveday sat and shivered with her fingers on the stem of her unlifted cocktail glass. Her thoughts swam. They seemed to dance like enamelled moths in the flame of the candle before her.

"Perhaps he won't let them work the spell on him. I don't want Fairy Godparents either. We'll thank them and then go on our ways. Of course, they'll come to the wedding. But it'll be more fun to be poor and laughing. We'll take a cottage deep in the country—a cottage with honeysuckle and crooked chimneys. Honeysuckle Cottage. Trite but delicious. And oh, I shall love him, love him, love him. . ."

It was all like a nightingale which had sprung into immortal song in the warm thicket of her heart. It choked her with its singing.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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Refreshing Gelatin Recipes

Asparagus Pimiento Jelly Salad: 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, ¾ cup asparagus liquid, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 can green asparagus tips, pimiento. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add asparagus liquid, vinegar and salt. Pour into molds to depth of ½ inch, and chill to harden. Take 4 to 6 asparagus tips and tie into small bundle with narrow strip of pimiento in middle. Place bunch on hardened jelly layer. Pour over remaining gelatin liquid, and return to molds to chill 2 hours. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with baby beets and mayonnaise, or any cream or French dressing. Serves 5. (Use 1 strip pimiento to each asparagus tip and twist pimiento around it, for novel pattern effect.)

Raspberry Sponge or Bavarian Cream: One package raspberry-flavored gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup raspberry juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, grains salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup canned or frosted raspberries, drained; ½ cup whipping cream. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add raspberry juice, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary beater until spongy and stiff enough to hold its shape. Whip cream only to a foamy, fluffy thickness. Fold into chilled mixture together with drained berries. (Line mold with split ladyfingers before pouring in mixture, or substitute strawberries or blackberries, if desired. If fresh fruit is used, increase sugar.) Pack into large mold and return to chill 2 hours. Serve garnished with star of whipped cream and whole berries. Serves 8.

Frozen Lamb and Pecan Salad: ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 well-beaten egg yolks, 1 cup thin cream, ⅓ cup vinegar, ¼ cup lamb broth, 1 teaspoon gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup cooked minced lamb, ½ cup chopped pecans. Blend mustard, salt and sugar and add to well-beaten yolks. Heat cream in double-boiler and pour over egg yolks, stirring constantly. Add vinegar and lamb broth and continue cooking (10 minutes) to a custard thickness. Remove, add gelatin which has been soaked in cold water 5 minutes. Add minced lamb and chopped nuts. Pour into molds and return to chill 4 hours. Unmold on lettuce. Serves 6.

Cantaloupe Chiffon Pie: 2 large cantaloupes, juice and grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, ¼ cup boiling water, ⅝ cup powdered sugar, 1 baked or crumb crust, ½ package lemon gelatin, 1 cup water. Remove pulp and juice from cantaloupes and press through potato-ricer. Add orange juice and rind. Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar to it. Combine with cantaloupe mixture, stir well and pour into pie shell. Let stand until firm. Top with meringue of lemon jelly, made by dissolving lemon gelatin in water, according to directions on package. When almost firm, beat until light and frothy. Heap on top of pie and let stand until cold. Serves 6.

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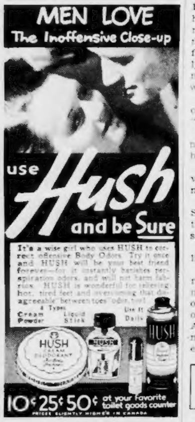

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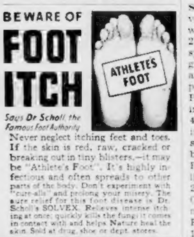

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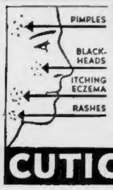

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CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Pointers on Poultry in the Summer Menu

By Mrs. Christine Frederick
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CHICKEN is light meat which is most suitable for the summer menu. Indeed a "chicken dinner" is one of the most perfect choices for warm weather, not only because of the light quality of the meat, but because so many summer vegetables are adapted to serving with it. Chicken and corn-on-the-cob, chicken with baby peas, chicken with eggplant, etc., are all gourmet combinations for the hostess.

Again, chicken is a meat which lends itself admirably to serving in cold forms as well as hot. Thus, a platter of thinly sliced cold chicken alone or in combination with other cold cuts is suitable for any occasion. Or, if the chicken is cooked and then diced or cut small, it furnishes the basis for that always de luxe offering, chicken salad. Probably no other single dish is so popular or so often served at engagement parties, at wedding breakfasts or for the garden or lawn party.

The chicken salad idea may be carried out less expensively by stuffing the mixture into whole ripe tomato cups, and masking with mayonnaise. Or, the diced cooked chicken may be molded in small individual cups and turned out on a lettuce garnished plate, topped with hard egg slices and other seasonable relishes.

An unusual method of using up left-over or picked chicken is to make it into a souffle or "puff." Combine the finely diced meat with a thick white sauce, beaten eggs, etc., as usual in any souffle, and bake. Such a hot dish is often as welcome as a cold one, especially on one of those unexpected chill evenings which even a hot summer turns up as a surprise.

Creamed chicken used on pastry made into small circles and folded over into little turnovers, is another suggestion which young people like to carry along in their picnic baskets. This is a less perishable form of the family chicken potpie, still a favorite of most men, and always acceptable when baked in a glass or earthenware individual casserole.

Another always refreshing mode of serving chicken in summer is as a gelatin or aspic jelly in fancy shape. At the elaborate buffet tables shown at so many smart roof gardens or inns, a chicken gelatin is often the display centerpiece. Thinly sliced, minced or diced chicken is combined in a quivering jelly, masked by a thick mayonnaise, the top ornamented with fancy relishes and garnishes. Several meats such as chicken, tongue and ham are another suggested combination. Or, colorful vegetables such as peas and diced carrots may be added to the jelly.

The hotel chef's creation may be easily copied by the housekeeper. Use the special aspic gelatin sold in packages or liquid form to which a chicken flavored bouillon cube is added, if chicken stock is not available. A brick mold is a good shape to use, for when the jelly is unmolded it may then be cut into slices. If only a small quantity is desired, use canned chicken or potted chicken.

But to many persons, chicken means only "fried chicken," the traditional manner of preparing it in our Southern States. This requires a young bird or "fryer," and is as easy to cook as it is delicious. A cream or rich milk gravy is the right accompaniment to this dish.

Chicken with rice, chicken with tomato and high seasonings, are native dishes in Spanish, Mexican and Oriental countries. Curried Chicken is an example of such a preparation, and it is well to recall that curry is one of the best of all spices or seasonings to use with chicken. Chili powder is another strong and hot spice which combines excellently with fowl, and for which many exotic recipes exist.

In hot weather use "hot" seasonings, according to the practice of tropical countries. And this may be good advice for any of us, when our own thermometer is trying to break the heat records. For "high" and spicy treatment of meats increases appetite and acts as tonic for digestion lowered by too intense a sun.

On what basis does the wise shopper purchase her poultry? Select poultry with small pinfeathers, fresh or light-colored feet, and creamy or yellowish (never dark) flesh. Purplish appearance and heavy coarse pinfeathers indicate age. Move the breastbone, and if it is flexible that too is a sign of youth. Unless you are sure of your farmer, it is better to trust to tagged and trademarked poultry which are specially fed and raised on poultry farms.

Choose your chicken in accordance with the use you intend to put it to. Many a failure and disappointment is due to the fact that the buyer asks for a "fricassee chicken" when what she really wants is a "roasting chicken." Here are the various types and approximate weights:

Broilers—12-20 ounces.
Fryers—1½-2¼ pounds.
Roasters—2-4½ pounds.
Fricassee—2½ pounds, cut up.
Soup—4-6 pounds.

There is an increasing demand on the part of the buyer for ready-dressed birds and for those which have been treated to a quick-freezing process. Since from 25% to 33⅓% of the original weight of the bird is eliminated as waste from the usual chicken, bought with its neck, head, feet, etc., on, it is often the best economy, especially for a small family or a "two-some," to purchase the frosted product, sold only on a "drawn" basis, which means from paper to frying pan.

Again, such a packaged frosted type of poultry is most convenient and excellent to buy to take along on a week-end, hike, or automobile trip, where the cooking is to be done outdoors picnic fashion. In this case, the chilled product will keep safely for four or more hours en route, and be ready to plump in the skillet on arrival at some outdoor beauty spot.

In this connection it may be well to note that one of the most recent additions to the equipment for outdoor cooking is a "spit" or steel rod with convenient circular rings at each end. The meat is "spitted" or skewered on this wire, and moved frequently by turning the rings, as it cooks over a bed of coals.

Recipes for Warm Weather Chicken Dishes

Chicken Puff: One and one-half cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks, well beaten, 1 cup milk; 1 cup cooked chicken, diced, 2 teaspoons onion juice, ¼ cup raw carrot, grated, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 egg whites, stiffly whipped, 2 cups chicken gravy. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; add beaten yolks and milk, add chicken, carrot and fat. Mix thoroughly. Fold in stiffly whipped whites. Pour into greased round casserole. Bake about 25 minutes, hot oven, or at about 425 degrees. Serve with hot chicken gravy. (Serves 6).

Scalloped Chicken: One cup rich milk, 4 cups chicken broth, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup flour, 5 cups cooked chicken, diced or cut small; 2 cups fine dry bread-crumbs. In double boiler heat together milk and broth. Blend flour and butter together and add to liquid. Stir until creamy, and cook about 15 minutes until thick and smooth. Season with grains nutmeg, celery salt and pinch poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Into greased shallow glass baking dish place a layer of chicken, cover with a layer of creamy gravy, then cover with layer of evenly distributed crumbs. Repeat. Bake about 25 minutes, in moderate oven, or about 350 degrees. (Serves 6.)

Chicken-Stuffed Tomato Salad: Six large tomatoes, 1½ cups cooked or canned chicken, diced; mayonnaise; lettuce. Scoop pulp from tomatoes, dust insides with salt and pepper, and stand to season. Combine chicken with mayonnaise to moisten. Pack into tomato shells. Arrange on lettuce. Serve very chill. (Diced celery or grated cucumber may be combined with the celery.) (Serves 6.)

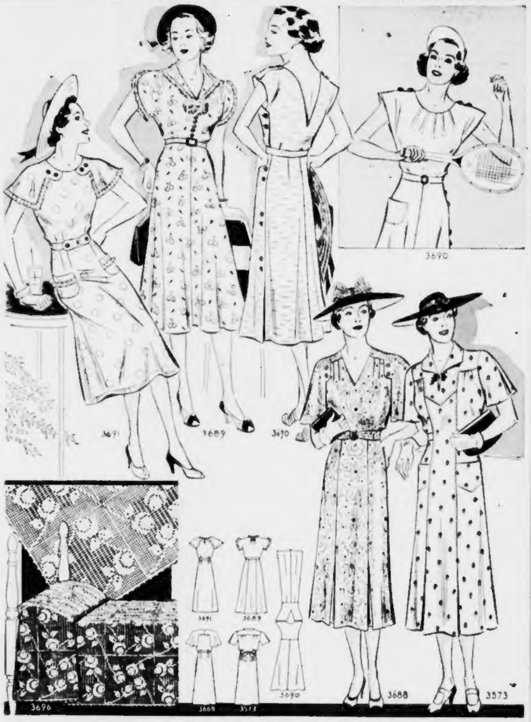
Curried Chicken, Calcutta: One large chicken, stewed, 4 cups hot boiled rice. For sauce: one onion, sliced, ½ clove garlic, ½ teaspoon ginger, ¼ cup olive oil, 1½ tablespoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chicken stock, milk of 1 cocoanut, ½ cup cocoanut freshly grated. Remove meat from chicken, cutting into neat slices and avoiding all fat and skin. Cook onion, garlic and ginger in olive oil 5 minutes but do not brown. Add curry and flour, and blend. Add milk and chicken stock, stirring constantly, and cook until smooth and slightly thickened. Add cocoanut milk and cocoanut. Keep sauce hot in double boiler. Make ring of hot rice on large platter, fill center with chicken meat and pour over some sauce, passing more in gravy bowl. Pass additional small bowl of grated cocoanut and bowl of finely minced nuts to use as sprinkling. (Serves 6.)

Maryland Fried Chicken: Two frying chickens, ½ cup butter, ¼ cup shortening, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups rich milk, salt and pepper. Prepare chickens for frying. Roll each piece in seasoned flour. Melt butter and shortening in skillet. Brown chicken evenly on all sides over high heat; when browned add ¼ cup water, reduce heat, and cover, continuing to cook 30 minutes until tender. Remove. To fat remaining in pan, blend flour, add milk, and season to a smooth gravy. Pour over chicken and serve. (Serves 8.)

Sliced Chicken and Vegetables in Jelly: One package aspic gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 4 slices white meat chicken, 4 slices smoked tongue, 1 cup cooked carrots, diced; 1 cup cooked baby lima beans. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and add cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Pour thin layer of jelly in bottom of loaf pan, arrange overlapping layers of chicken and tongue. Add vegetables to remaining gelatin and pour over meat layer. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with lettuce, radish roses and gherkins. Pass mayonnaise separately. (Serves 8.)

Chicken Mushroom Buffet Loaf: 1 tablespoon gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 3 egg yolks, salt, pepper, paprika, 1 cup rich chicken stock, ½ cup cooked small mushroom caps, 1 cup cooked chicken, diced, 1 cup whipping cream. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly, add chicken stock slowly, and cook over hot water until mixture begins to thicken. Season. Add gelatin and dissolve thoroughly. Add mushrooms and diced chicken. Remove, and chill. When mixture begins to set, fold in whipped cream whipped to a soft custard thickness. Pack into small molds and return to chill 2 hours. Unmold and serve with tossed green salad and a pickled peach or sweet watermelon pickle. A really delicious dish. (Serves 6.)

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3691—FOR MORNINGS OR AFTERNOONS, CHOOSE THIS CRISP, COOL FROCK THAT'S IDEAL STITCHED UP IN GAY, WASHABLE COTTON. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric and 1⅞ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3689—WHAT COULD BE DAINTIER THAN THIS VERY FEMININE FROCK THAT'LL KEEP YOU LOOKING SPRUCE ON WARMEST DAYS? Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric and 2 yards ruffling.

Pattern 3690—SPORTING OCCASIONS CALL FOR THE CHIC OF THIS PEPPY SUN-TAN STYLE THAT BOASTS A TRIM SIDE-CLOSING. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3696—LOVELY TO LOOK UPON—IS THIS DAINTY CROCHETED SPREAD THAT'S A COMBINATION OF EASILY-JOINED-TOGETHER SQUARES. Pattern 3696 contains charts and directions for making the two squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3688—IF YOU'D LOOK SLIM AND CHARMING, STITCH UP THIS FLATTERING FROCK IN EYELET BATISTE OR COOL COTTON LACE. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3573—TAKES A PANEL-FROCK TO MAKE YOU LOOK AS SLENDER AS YOU'D LIKE TO! THIS ONE IS IDEAL IN PRINTED PERCALE. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

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PATENT PENDING

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Grapefruit with Berries, Whole Grain Cereal, Toast, Jam, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Melons, Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toast, Milk or Coffee	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cereal, Raisin Bread, Butter, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Cantaloupe, Cereal, Rolled Omelets (Individual), Toast, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Berries, Whole Grain Cereal, Baconized Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Ripe Peaches, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Potato and German Sausage Salad, Blueberry Muffins, Rhubarb Trifle with Banana Sauce, Iced Tea.	***Luncheon (Company)*** Devilled Crab Flakes, Asparagus Salad with Savory Dressing, French Bread, Orange Fritters with Creamy Sauce, Iced Coffee.	***Luncheon*** Creamed Ham on Corn Patties, Ice-Box Rolls, Cantaloupe Salad, Cheese Wafers, Iced Tea.	***Luncheon*** Cream of Salmon Soup, Crackers, Frozen Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, French Bread, Stewed Plums, Iced Fruit Punch.	***Luncheon*** Mushrooms and Eggs in Casserole, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Swedish Bread, Jelly Roll, Iced Tea.	***Luncheon*** Hot Hamburg Sandwiches, Green Tomato Pickles, Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Chocolate Cake, Lime Gingerale.	***Dinner*** Emergency Hors d'Oeuvres, Stuffed Veal Hearts, Celery Stuffing, Savory Potatoes, Lettuce, Radish and Asparagus Salad, Salad Dressing, Cherry Tarts with Frozen Whipped Cream.
Dinner Frosted Fruit Cocktail, Left-Over Lamb a la King, Green Pea Souffle, Chiffonade Green Salad, Lemon Dressing, Chocolate Cup Cakes with Orange Fudge Frosting.	***Dinner*** Tomato Salad Appetizer, Baked Calf's Liver with Noodles, Spinach, Blackberry Sherbet, Cookies.	***Dinner*** Grapefruit and Mint Cocktail, Roast Rump of Veal with Browned Potatoes, Celery Relish, Buttered Green Beans, Macaroon Bisque.	***Dinner*** Canapes of Tiny Sausages (Canned) on Cornmeal Crisps, Cold Sliced Veal, Baked Stuffed Tomatoes, Buttered Asparagus Tips, Green Salad with Italian Dressing, Fruit Pie.	***Dinner*** Blackberries with Powdered Sugar, Planked Swordfish, Potatoes, Sliced Beets with Celery Seed, Lettuce, Carrot, Cucumber and Leek Salad, Pineapple Sherbet, Cookies.	***Dinner*** Baked Beans, with Bacon in Bean Pot, Virginia Blueberry Corn Cake, Tomatoes Stuffed with Cole Slaw, Cherry Blancmange with Cream.	***Supper*** Jellied Tomato, Salad with Devilled Eggs, Cheese Puffs, Saltines, Blackberry Punch.

Tasty and Healthful Banana Recipes

Banana Ice Cream.

MASH 3 ripe bananas until smooth, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a dash of nutmeg (if desired) and beat until creamy. Combine with 3 cups cream sweetened with ⅔ cup sugar. Add a few grains salt. Freeze as usual.

Banana Brown Betty.

MIX ¾ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Combine with 2 sliced apples and 3 sliced bananas. Delicately brown 2 cups bread-crumbs in 3 tablespoons butter. Arrange alternate layers of bread-crumbs and fruit in a buttered baking dish having bottom and top layers of bread-crumbs. Cover and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees for ½ hour. Remove cover and bake about 15 minutes, or until apples are tender.

Banana Sherbet.

MASH ripe bananas to make 2 cups of pulp. Mix with 6 tablespoons lemon juice. Add ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup white corn syrup and ⅛ teaspoon salt and mix well. Beat 1 egg white until stiff. Fold into banana mixture. Combine gently with 2 cups rich milk, stirring until smooth. Freeze as usual.

Banana Cream Pie.

HAVE ready a baked pastry pie shell or a pie plate lined with graham cracker, cornflake or zwieback pastry. Scald 1 cup milk over hot water. Mix ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons flour and ½ cup cold milk. When smooth, stir into the scalded milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cover, cook for 3 to 5 minutes over the hot water and stir vigorously. Pour a little of the hot mixture into 1 beaten egg yolk and add to the hot mixture. Stir over hot water just long enough to set the egg. Add 1 tablespoon butter and ¼ teaspoon vanilla or ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Cool. Fill the prepared pie shell with alternate layers of sliced ripe bananas (4 or 5 bananas) and the cold custard. Garnish with whipped sweetened cream or meringue.

Banana Cornucopias.

MAKE cornucopias of heavy brown wrapping paper. Roll rich pastry thin and cut into long strips, 1-inch wide. Starting with the wide end of the cornucopia, wind the strip of pastry around it, having the edges overlap slightly. Carefully wind the pointed end and moisten slightly to seal. Place, after winding, on a baking sheet and brush with milk or slightly diluted egg. Bake in a quick oven at 450 degrees, until delicately browned. Remove from oven and when cool fill with whipped and sweetened cream mixed with diced bananas. Sprinkle outside lightly with powdered sugar.

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Grapefruit
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Why Not Have a Cool Green Supper

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

ALL women who are at all sensitive to color know that it plays an enormous part in the life of any family. Psychologists tell us that red is stimulating, that yellow is regal and that green is cooling. Color fashions vary as do other fashions. Today it is the vogue to use bold color schemes. Tomorrow it may be the rage to use subtle color harmonies.

However, when the thermometer registers above ninety there isn't much controversy as to whether we wish to be cool or not. By an intelligent selection of table accessories and cool foods our family and friends can be made to forget in a measure the sizzling temperature outside. Green and white cotton or linen tablecloths, dime store or exquisite Lenox china with green predominating, inexpensive glassware or lovely Waterford with green-handled stainless steel flatware may be used.

It is neither necessary nor desirable to match all the articles used upon a table. Too much repetition is often monotonous and may even be in bad taste. It is necessary that the type and quality of all accessories be harmonious.

An interesting and unusual table was shown in an exhibition a few years ago. On the lovely maple table were placed light green plates and green glasses on green doilies. On the table was a graduated row of iron candlesticks. An arrangement extending nearly the length of the table was made in shades of green with cabbages, Savoy cabbages, squash, French artichokes, peppers, okra and English ivy. Three or four small orange or yellow squash were used to give a splash of color at one end of the arrangement.

For a cool green summer menu a green and white checked gingham tablecloth may be used with the most inexpensive white or green pottery and the green-handled stainless steel flatware. The food should be attractive to look at and exceedingly good to taste in addition to creating the illusion that it has just left the North Pole.

Potato Salad.

SPRINKLE 1 quart of diced or sliced cold boiled potatoes with well seasoned French dressing, add 1 tablespoon onion juice, ½ cup grated cucumber and season to taste with salt and pepper and celery salt or seed. Chill. When ready to serve drain off the dressing. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with watercress and swirls of green mayonnaise.

Asparagus Salad.

SOFTEN 1 tablespoon gelatin in cold water. Drain juice from 1 can of asparagus tips and add enough water to make 1 cup. Add a sprig of celery and a bit of bay leaf and boil for 3 minutes. Strain over the softened gelatin and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add 1 or 2 finely chopped green peppers and 1 finely chopped cucumber. Arrange the asparagus tips around the edge of a border or fluted mold, having tips down. Gently pour the gelatin mixture over the asparagus. Chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with green mayonnaise.

Cress Salad.

PICK over and wash 1 pint crisp watercress. Place in a chilled salad bowl. Sprinkle with the juice of 1 small onion and well seasoned French dressing. Serve immediately.

Vegetable Salad.

HAVE ready a small hard head of cabbage, a crisp green cucumber, 2 or 3 chilled white radishes and a small mild onion or a few chives. Press them through coarse food chopper. Sprinkle with finely seasoned French dressing and chill. Garnish with green pickles and cress, sliced raw okra, finely chopped scallions, leeks, parsley or cress or sliced green peppers.

Green Bouquet Salad.

ARRANGE any desired combination of crisp lettuce, endive, chicory, romaine, cress, celery and cabbage. The leaves may be left whole or cut in shreds. Chill and serve with savory dressing.

Frozen Fruit Salad.

SOAK 1 teaspoon quick gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water. Dissolve over hot water. Combine with ¾ cup well seasoned mayonnaise. Add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar to 1 pint cream and beat until stiff. Fold into the mayonnaise. Fold in 1½ cups diced ripe bananas, canned pears, white peaches, pineapple and drained green cherries. Freeze. Serve on crisp lettuce.

Grapefruit Mint Cup.

REMOVE grapefruit pulp in large sections. Scoop out white stringy membrane, leaving clean grapefruit shells. Line the shells with crisp mint leaves, having tips come just above edge. Fill shells with grapefruit pulp and fine ripe dewberries. Sprinkle with sugar and serve very cold.

Tomato Snow with Sauerkraut Frappe.

TO 1 quart thick tomato juice add 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, a few drops onion juice and a few grains white pepper. Freeze to a mush. Fold in 3 beaten egg whites and freeze until firm enough to hold its shape. Serve on crisp lettuce with frozen sauerkraut juice and sliced ripe tomatoes. Sauerkraut juice may be delicately tinted with green vegetable coloring.

Green Peppermint Frosting for Chocolate Cup Cakes.

CREAM 1 tablespoon butter. Add sifted powdered sugar and beat until smooth, adding 2 tablespoons boiling water as needed. When mixture will spread without running add ¼ teaspoon peppermint flavoring and delicately color with a little green vegetable coloring.

Lemon Ice-Box Cake.

CUT an angel cake in two or three slices crosswise. Put together and cover with the following filling: Place 1 teaspoon cornstarch, ½ cup sugar, 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, 1 cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter in top of double boiler. Cook slowly until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add the juice of 1 lemon. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Place the cake after it has been spread with the filling in the refrigerator and let stand overnight. Then "ice" with 1 pint of cream, beaten until stiff and sweetened and flavored to taste. With pastry bag and leaf and flower tubes make a few white roses and green leaves, using a little of the cream tinted green. Let stand in refrigerator two or three hours. Slice at the table.

Lettuce Salad with Watercress Dressing.

ARRANGE crisp lettuce in salad bowl and sprinkle with French dressing seasoned with 2 teaspoons finely chopped watercress and a few drops onion juice.

Lime Punch.

MIX 1 can pineapple juice, 1 can grapefruit juice, 1 can orange juice and the juice of 3 lemons and chill. Dilute as desired. Place ice cubes containing whole blackberries and mint leaves in glass, nearly fill with the fruit juice mixture and add 1 tablespoon lime ice to each glass. To make the lime ice mix 1 cup fresh lime juice with ¼ cup sugar and ½ cup water and freeze, taking care that it does not get too hard.

Lamb Stew with Mushroom Dumplings (By Request).

CUT 3 pounds forequarter of lamb in small pieces. Roll in flour, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and celery salt. Brown with ½ cup sliced mild onions in a little hot lamb fat. Add 2 or 3 sliced carrots and 5 cups boiling water. Cover and simmer gently for 2 hours or until tender. Mix and sift 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup condensed mushroom soup and 3 tablespoons water and mix lightly. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling stew. Cover closely and cook 10 minutes without removing cover. Remove stew to hot serving platter, surround with the dumplings and garnish.

Claremont Aspic Jelly (By Request).

REMOVE fat from 1 quart chicken stock. Add the juice of 1 lemon, 4 tablespoons gelatin, 2 slightly beaten egg whites and 2 crushed egg shells. Bring slowly to boiling point. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat and let stand 20 minutes. Strain through double thickness of wet cheesecloth. Add a little green vegetable coloring and seasonings to taste. Use as a foundation for jellied salads, jellied stuffed eggs, etc.

Shortcake Waffles (By Request).

MIX and sift 2 cups pastry flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat 2 egg yolks until light. Add 1¼ cups milk and the beaten egg yolks to the dry ingredients. Add 6 tablespoons melted butter. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake on hot waffle iron. Serve immediately with sweetened berries or sliced peaches and frozen whipped cream.

Strawberry Jelly (By Request).

FOLLOW directions on bottle of commercial pectin or use following directions: Since strawberries are lacking in jelly-forming substance, apples or currants are usually added to them. Can the strawberry juice without sugar and make the jelly when apples and currants are plentiful. Prepare the apple or currant juice in the usual way. To 1 pint of strawberry juice add 2 pints of apple juice. Allow ¾ cup of sugar to each cup of fruit juice. Cook the apple and strawberry juice together 20 minutes. Add the sugar which has been heated in a slow oven or at about 275 degrees. Cook about 3 minutes, or until sugar thermometer registers 218 degrees. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. Cover with melted paraffin and seal.

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Just a few short years ago homemakers first heard of Miracle Whip—sampled its flavor, so different from *any* salad dressing flavor they had ever tasted! *Today, Miracle Whip outsells the next 20 leading brands of salad dressing combined!*

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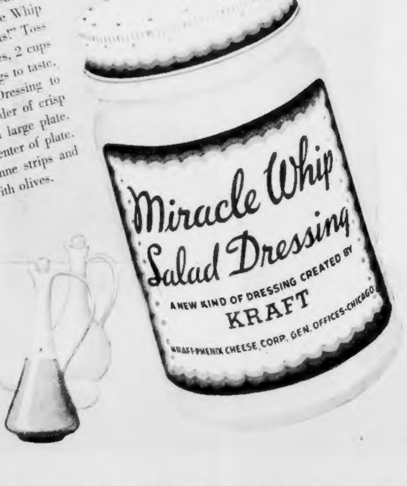
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